



No. 467.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1902

SIXPENCE.



SIR ERNEST CASSEL, K.C.M.G.,

THE GENEROUS DONOR OF £200,000, TO BE DEVOTED BY HIS MAJESTY TO BUILDING A SANATORIUM FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE.

*Reproduced by courteous permission from the "Vanity Fair" Cartoon.*



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Coming Visit of the Prince of Wales to Germany—The King and the New Hospital—The Seeing-in of the New Year—“Joseph.”*

THE visit which the Prince of Wales is to pay to Germany on the occasion of the birthday of the Kaiser, and the great functions in which he is to take part, all are intended to mark the unity of the Royal Families of Prussia and England. The Kaiser showed in a manner which profoundly touched the people of Great Britain how close the family ties are when he put aside all matters of business and State in his own country and came to England on the occasion of Her late Majesty's death. The Prince will carry the greetings of the King to his nephew with all Royal pomp and circumstance, and he will carry also, unofficially, the greetings of the whole nation, for we surly islanders do not soon forget a sympathetic deed, and we all profoundly admire the Emperor as a man. The return visit to that about to be made by the Prince of Wales will, no doubt, be paid at the time of the Coronation, and it is likely that the Crown Prince, and perhaps Prince Henry, will be among the nation's guests on that occasion. The Crown Prince has already visited England, staying with Lord Lonsdale and Lord Rosebery amongst others.

Sir Ernest Cassel's gift to the King of a vast sum of money and His Majesty's employment of it to build a hospital where paying consumptive patients can be received, and where tuberculosis can be watched and checked as an enemy which is to be routed in the immediate future, has pleased the nation at large and the physicians especially. It was said that there was no institution in Great Britain where the phases of the disease could be studied as thoroughly as they should be, and this reproach, through the munificence of Sir Ernest, is now to be taken from us. The King, it will be remembered, received last year the members of the Commission on Tuberculosis, and, in a very remarkable and earnest speech, encouraged them to continue their researches. His Majesty has now been able to do more than give stimulating words. Sir Ernest is a great financier, but he is a Clubman as well, belonging to the Carlton, the Conservative, and the Garrick, and he is well known in racing circles as the owner of Melton Paddocks at Newmarket, while many good horses have carried his colours, Handicapper, the winner of last year's Two Thousand Guineas, being one of them. *The Sketch* is indebted to its sociable neighbour, *Vanity Fair*, for a vivid likeness of Sir Ernest Cassel.

I do not remember a merrier seeing-in of a New Year than the welcome that was given to 1902. At the Savoy, where I supped, British coldness for once broke down before the humanising influences of the moment, and as the clock struck twelve the great assemblage of “smart” and pretty people taking their supper cheered in the Coronation Year with right goodwill, and the Neapolitan Band learned very thoroughly in the next quarter of an hour what the air of “Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot” is. Going on later to the Masked Ball at Covent Garden, I found a circle cleared and twenty or more couples in fancy-dress walking for the cake, a fine, substantial, sugar-covered delicacy which was placed in the middle of the floor. I never saw a ball in the big theatre at which there were so many people present. There were a dozen large parties occupying double boxes; all the prettiest ladies from the theatres where musical comedies are being played seemed to have thought that this was an occasion to don mask and domino, and on the dancing-floor the merry-makers in fancy-dresses were having a splendid romp. There were Pierrots and Pierrettes; a black-and-white dress was very neat; “Ping-Pong,” “Lilac,” “A Dream of the Future,” “The Belle of the Ball,” a “Menu,” “Good Luck,” were all dresses which I thought excellent.

With Casimir, the *chef* of the Maison Dorée, retired, and Joseph dead, Paris is losing some of the landmarks dear to Clubmen who are gourmets. The Marivaux, Joseph's restaurant, which really, I fancy, belongs to the Savoy, was closed some little time before the great *maitre d'hôtel's* death, and one more of the small restaurants where dinner was a contemplative, almost solemn meal, to be eaten undisturbed by music or too-attractive society of the weaker and beautiful sex, has disappeared.

Of Joseph as a popular *maitre d'hôtel* many anecdotes have been told since his death, but few people seem to remember his excellence as an inventor of new dishes. As every good *maitre d'hôtel* does, Joseph began life as a cook, and discarded the white jacket and cap only for the black frock-coat of the Manager. All his life through he thought of new possibilities in cookery and experimented. When, in his little kitchen at home, he had brought an idea to perfection, he bided his time, and when some actress—for he excepted actresses when he said that ladies did not appreciate a good dinner—or when some statesman or great writer came to dine in his early days at Paillard's, or, later, at the Marivaux, he would produce his novelty, prepared by the *chef* under his direction, and would dedicate it, as a poet or an author dedicates a work, to the beautiful woman or celebrated man. I recall some of his dishes with a tender regret—the *Sole à la Reichenberg*, with its faint flavour of Parmesan and its attendant oysters; and the *Pommes de Terre Otero*, where, in a baked potato, oysters and fillets of sole mingled their delicious juices; and the *Pommes de Terre de Georgette*, dedicated to Mdlle. Brandès, wherein crayfish played a noble part; and the various methods of serving lobsters, improvements on the American dishes the secrets of which he learned in Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen, the *Homard Lord Randolph Churchill*, and the *Homard d'Yvette*, into which Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert first plunged fork.

## THE CHAPERON.

*Sir Ernest Cassel's Personality—Politics the Fashion in Coronation Year—Political Hostesses who will Entertain—Coronation Gossip—The Earl Marshal's Youthful Page—Costumes for Maids-of-Honour—Courts versus Drawing-Rooms—Private Theatrical Craze.*

ALTHOUGH we have been deprived of the pleasant sensation of discussing New Year Honours, Coronation Year has been ushered in with a most interesting event, Sir Ernest Cassel's really splendid gift of £200,000 to the King, who has devoted it to a noble purpose—the building and endowment of a Palace of Health for the Consumptive. Sir Ernest Cassel came from Cologne, but has been in England ever since he was sixteen, working his way up slowly but surely as a clerk; and he is said to have been extraordinarily lucky in everything financial which he has touched. At the present time his hobby is the Nile Irrigation scheme, and it was to his really invaluable services in connection with the ceding by the Egyptian Government of the Dara estates that he owed his “K.C.M.G.” Sir Ernest, who has long been a widower, but who has given many interesting though not particularly showy entertainments in his beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, has but one daughter, who is now Mrs. Wilfred Ashley, and whose baby, born the other day, had the King as godfather last Saturday. Sir Ernest Cassel is an enthusiastic sportsman in the best sense of the term, and is particularly fond of hunting and racing.

In one sense, politics are, of course, always the fashion, but it seems that now they are to be more the fashion than ever, for the Court is taking the greatest interest in Parliament and all its doings. It also looks as if the King really intended to honour the Palace of Westminster with his presence more often than Queen Victoria cared to do at any time of her reign. On the occasion of the formal opening of Parliament by His Majesty on the 16th inst., the Peeresses will appear not in real mourning, but in Court-gowns of subdued colouring, for, of course, the official world will not care to appear in bright colours till after the 22nd.

Political hostesses are to be much to the front during the present winter and spring. The Duchess of Devonshire opens the ball next week (Jan. 15) by giving a great party to which will come on those statesmen who have assisted at the usual Parliamentary dinners. As for the Liberal ladies, Lady Tweedmouth intends, I believe, to entertain on rather a large scale; and so does Lady Aberdeen, who will be helped to do the honours of her London house by her pretty daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, who is, according to popular rumour, the most politically inclined of all the débutantes. Mrs. Asquith has gone rather into the background, but, doubtless, she will do her best to gather round her the Rosebery legion. Her really beautiful old house in Portman Square is quite admirably adapted for the giving of lively dinner-parties and select “small and earlies.”

When people have nothing else to talk about, they turn to the Coronation, and scarce a day goes by but that this fruitful subject of interest affords them some item of news to discuss. There is certainly something very charming in the fact that the Duke of Norfolk should have chosen little Marmaduke Stourton to be his Page at the ceremony, for Lord Mowbray and Stourton, who, like the Duke of Norfolk himself, is the head of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families, has long claimed to be the true holder of one of the Earl Marshal's minor titles. The little boy who has been so greatly honoured will not be quite seven at the time of the Coronation. He is very tall for his age, and also very intelligent, so is likely to enjoy the fine pageant. Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton and their three children spend most of the year in Yorkshire, and they are both keen about sport, Allerton Park, their charming place, being situated in the midst of a first-rate hunting country. Lady Mowbray and Stourton was Miss Mary Constable, a considerable heiress and a cousin of another well-known Roman Catholic Peer, Lord Herries. A great many people are trying to induce their Peer friends to appoint their sons as Pages, for this is the only way in which very young people have a chance of being present at the Coronation. Even now no one seems to know what the Peeresses' costumes are really to be, but I hear that the Queen has quite decided in what robes she will herself appear, and also how her four Maids-of-Honour are to be garbed; they will wear white-and-silver frocks, their trains being of white velvet, and there seems an idea that, in addition to the orthodox feathers and long veils, they will each wear a wreath of white roses. This would be a delightful return to the one pretty mode that obtained in 1838.

Yet another subject which is giving rise to a great deal of talk, but not of so pleasant a nature as that concerning the Coronation, is the new order as to the holding of evening Courts instead of Drawing-Rooms. It is being pointed out with much feeling by those cosmopolitan ladies who spend much of the year in some foreign capital that the holding of Courts will greatly alter the status abroad of all those ladies who have not had the good fortune to be asked to attend. In Continental capitals the rule is absolute: no Englishwoman who has not been presented at the Court of St. James can ask to be recognised as socially existent. Even the Princess of Monaco made this rule, and I believe the same obtains at the Republican Elysée!

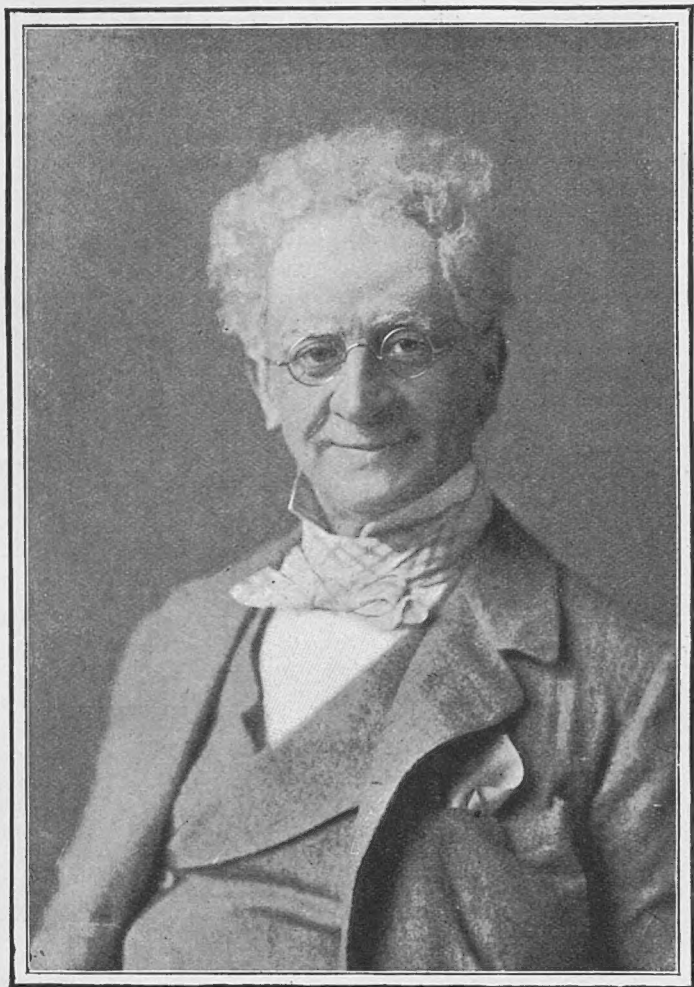
Amateur theatricals are just now a perfect craze. The Duchess of Devonshire had organised quite a splendid series in honour of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Chatsworth, which is now postponed till March; and from all over the country one hears of really good amateurs being in tremendous request.



## THE ACADEMY WINTER SHOW.

**A**MONG the New Year's Art Exhibitions, the Winter Show of Old Masters at the Royal Academy claims first attention, especially as it includes works of exceptional interest by Velasquez, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, and a number of other immortals.

One is somewhat surprised to see the place of honour in the Third Gallery occupied by Sustermans' "Portrait of Cardinal Capponi," while Raphael's "Virgin and Child, enthroned with Saints," known as the Colonna Raphael—a magnificent example of his power—is given a less distinguished place in the same room. The portrait of the Cardinal is, however, a fine and effective work, though the colour has deteriorated. An example that will no doubt occasion much comment and curiosity is Velasquez's finished sketch for his celebrated work, "Las Meniñas," which includes portraits of the Infanta Margarita and others of the Royal Household, while the artist himself occupies a prominent place. The quaintly attired figures and the deft use of greys are among the most obvious characteristics of the work, which also has special significance as a forerunner of methods now designated "modern." The Rembrandts are very striking, and I may particularly instance the "Portrait of a Gentleman," with its glowing colour and strong character.



THE KINDLY BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH IN HIS OWN SPECTACLES.

MR. JOHN HARE IN THE REVIVAL OF "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

From Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Tintoretto's "Delilah and Samson" is very powerful. Rubens, Vandyck, and Murillo are well represented, and there is a rich collection of Claudes, which includes many of his drawings. Special attention should be directed to the two Botticellis and the three Luinis, while Dürer and Holbein are also to be studied.

## SOCIETY OF OIL-PAINTERS.

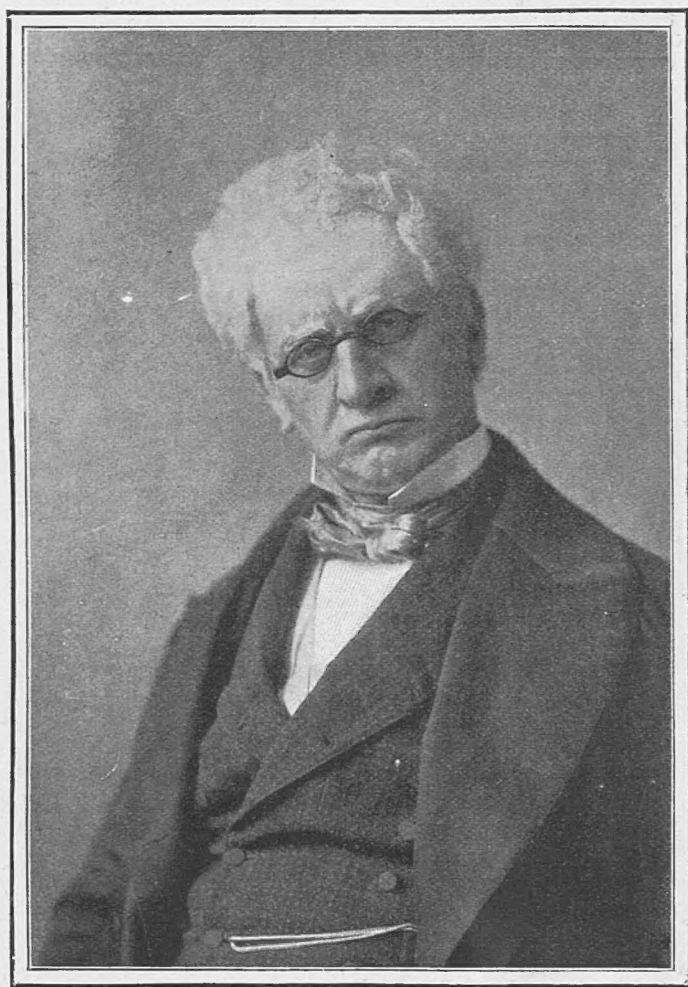
An excellent show is held by the Society of Oil-Painters at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly, among the most engaging of the pictures being the vivacious portrait of Mrs. Melton Fisher by her husband, the Vice-President of the Society, who also shows another charming work, entitled "Waiting"—a pretty girl of the eighteenth century attired in flowered brocade and wearing a wide straw-hat.

Close by are to be noted some effective seascapes by Mr. J. Olsson and Mr. J. R. Reid, while there is also a delightful green-and-grey sea by Mr. E. Matthew Hale. Mr. Carter's "Hard Times" is well composed and the figures in front of the butcher's shop are clever.

A good deal of vigour is to be observed in Mr. Terrick Williams's "Evening, Concarneau," which includes figures, and fishing-boats whose sails reflect the glow of the declining sun. A mermaid is fancifully represented in "A Haunted Road," by Mr. G. Wetherbee; and Mr. G. Hindley's "A Rude Awakening"—an elderly couple in bed, disturbed by desperadoes with pistols—is amusing by reason of the terrified expressions of the man in the night-cap and his spouse.

## "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE CRITERION.

**T**HOUGH there is not unanimity as to Mr. Grundy's adaptation, "Frocks and Frills," there is no dissentient voice concerning "A Pair of Spectacles," in which Mr. John Hare makes a very welcome reappearance at the Criterion Theatre. Londoners lose a great deal by the frequent absences from London of such a consummate artist as Mr. Hare, who, as Benjamin Goldfinch, gives a quite unique performance which enables one to see again with pleasure a pretty piece already witnessed by most of us many times. One is glad also to see once more "The Sequel," the one-Act play that gave Mr. L. N. Parker his "send-off" as dramatist, and enables us to renew acquaintance with an admirable artist, Miss Alma Murray, too little seen of late—why, goodness only knows, since we are not overstocked with actresses of her calibre. Mr. Charles Groves again assists Mr. Hare by his excellent comic study of the pessimistic uncle who traces evil things to Sheffield—hard lines on the city of hardware! Miss May Harvey, who, like Miss Murray, but in a less degree, has made her mark in Browning drama, is charming as Mrs. Goldfinch, a character very agreeably associated with the name of Miss Kate Rorke. Miss Lily Grundy is the new *ingénue* and plays very prettily. As



THE SUSPICIOUS BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH IN THE WRONG SPECTACLES.

usually happens in the case of Companies chosen by Mr. Hare and working with the advantage of studying his methods, the performance was really excellent throughout—a fact appreciated by the audience in its hearty applause, which caused Mr. Hare to make a graceful speech, despite the wise law laid down by himself prohibiting the people on the other side of the footlights from making original utterances. Delightful as everybody finds the piece, I am malicious enough to express the hope that its success will not prevent Mr. Hare from exhibiting his gifts in some other character.

The St. James's Art Society is a newly established Club that holds its first exhibition at Walker's Gallery, 118, New Bond Street, the most noteworthy contributors being Mr. G. C. Haité, whose brilliant and broadly treated water-colours are excellent examples of his clever workmanship; Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, who represents Venice and Holland with characteristic vivacity; and Mr. Hal Hurst, who shows, among other works, a graceful and highly finished portrait and an imaginative composition, "The Sea-Maiden." Consideration is due to the productions of the Lucas family, the sons and daughters of the famous engraver and painter of cornfields. Mr. H. J. Walker's "Memories," an old man by the fireside, is a clever work, but the candle-flames are scarcely satisfactory; in fact, pigment generally proves unequal to the representation of such brilliant light.



## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

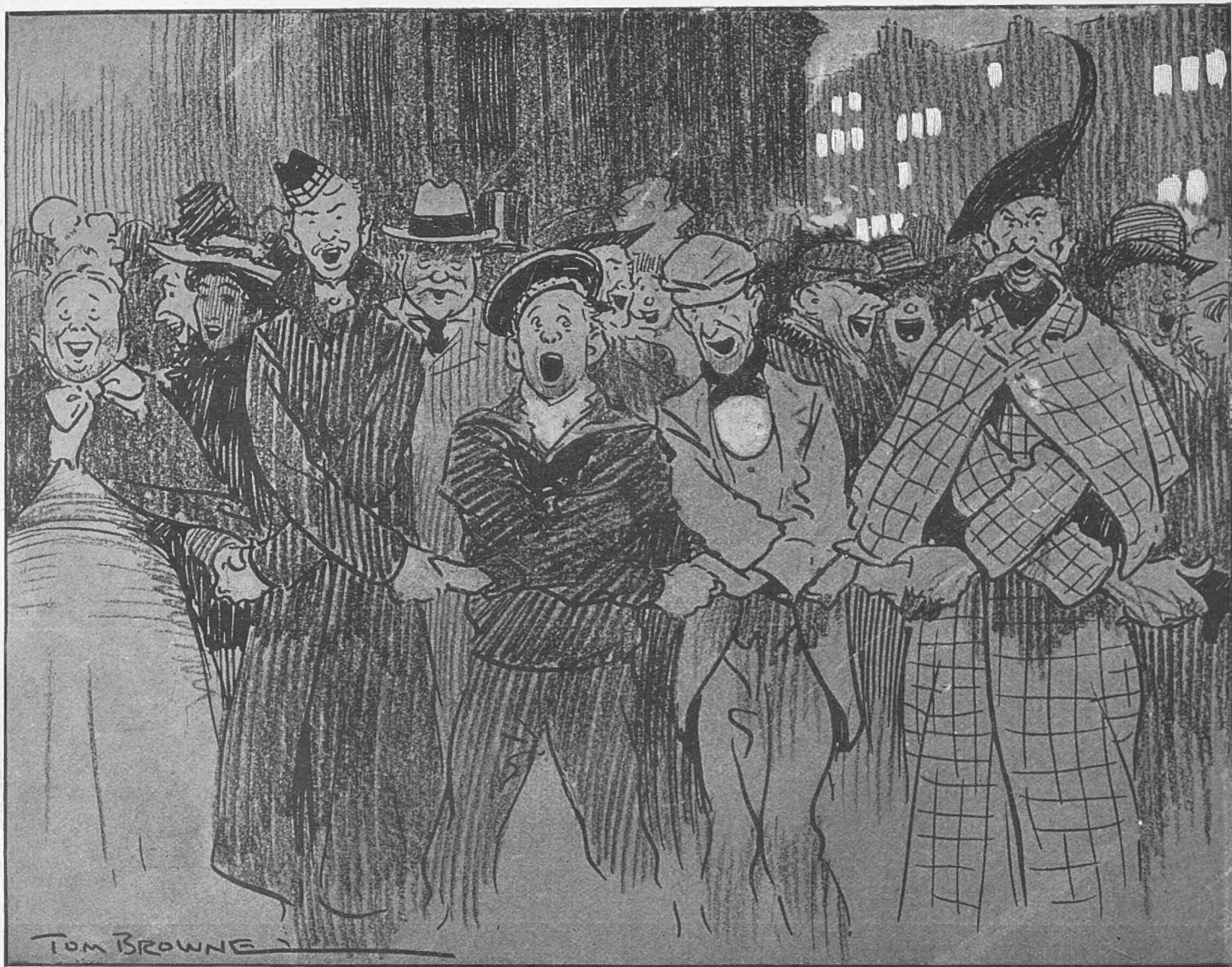
*Seeing in the New Year—Damp but Jolly—A Message from Mars?—  
First Post for the New Stamps—"Warranted Over Fourteen"—  
Our Bowlers Come Off—Our Batsmen Don't—A promising Duff—  
A Difficult Task.*

TO be jolly in the rain requires the temperament of a Mark Tapley, but a good many of us managed to do it on New Year's Eve in spite of the rain, which came down steadily all the evening. There were plenty of Scots among us in St. Paul's Churchyard with reminiscences of the way in which they had seen the New Year in, in past years, before the old kirk at home, and one enthusiast had a whisky-bottle which he and his friends regretted was empty. Anyhow, it was fairly warm, and, after all, it is better to have a thoroughly wet evening than one which is only half-and-half and soaks you before you know

earliest possible date-stamp on the King's head, for some day these stamps will be valuable, if only as curiosities.

Another innovation of the New Year is the "under fourteen" rule. We English may possibly take our pleasures sadly, but, at any rate, we see the humour of everything more than most. A publican who was asked on New Year's Day by a little girl to "oblige Mother with a postage-stamp," replied, "I can't serve you, my dear—you're not over fourteen," and a hardened old joker of my acquaintance has had a number of cards printed with "Warranted over fourteen." He puts one in his button-hole when he goes into a public-house, and spent the First of January in decorating the most lugubrious and elderly of his friends with them. "Over fourteen" has taken the place of the old catchword, "More than seven."

They have odd wickets at Melbourne. The first day, the pitch was so bad that all the Australians were out for 112, although they had some



NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S: "FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

where you are. We sang comic songs and Scotch songs while waiting for the stroke of midnight, and did very well, thank you.

There was not such a crowd in St. Paul's Churchyard and on Ludgate Hill as there used to be, and most of us put off arriving till just before the Old Year died. As usual, there were all sorts of rumours about the police and their orders, but we were an orderly crowd. The Hooligans stayed away, and everyone was good-humoured though damp. As the clock struck, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with much heartiness, but perhaps the most remarkable thing of the meeting was the rapid way in which the crowd dispersed. In two minutes after the New Year had been satisfactorily introduced there was hardly a soul left.

But there was a mystery which has not been cleared up. Just about twelve there was a bright flash towards the East, which was seen not only near St. Paul's, but in several places round London. If it had been the beginning of a new Century, I could have understood that someone wished to send us a message from Mars, but, as it was only an ordinary year, it hardly seemed worth while.

After seeing in the New Year, several of us went to buy the new stamps at the all-night Post Offices, and sent ourselves letters with the

first-rate bats and Clem Hill, the mighty hitter. Blythe was able to bowl, in spite of his injured finger, and he and Barnes were unchanged throughout the innings, Barnes taking six wickets for 42, and Blythe four for 64. When our men went in, they did even worse on the bad wicket, and were all dismissed for a wretched 61; Hayward, Quaife, Gunn, and Jones making duck's-eggs. Jessop let out at everything, and soon knocked up 27, the only other man to reach double figures being MacLaren.

The second innings of the Australians began well for us, as three wickets fell for 32 and five for 48; but cricket is the most uncertain of games, and in the next day only four wickets fell, as Hill and Duff knocked the bowling about but took no risks, and Hill made 99 before he was caught by Jones. On the third day, Duff raised his score to 102, and Armstrong, another new man, made 45 not out, the total coming to 353. Duff is a New South Wales man who has never visited England but has a great reputation in Australia. He is a young man, but his batting more than justified his selection, and "The Man in the Street" will be glad to give him a hearty welcome over here. Barnes was the hero of the bowling on our side, for in the two innings he took thirteen wickets for 163 runs. But Australia won by 229 runs. "Advance, Australia!"



## MARQUIS ITO.

## THE ROMANCE OF HIS CAREER.

A FEW days ago, His Majesty the King received in audience two distinguished Japanese noblemen. One was the Japanese Minister, Baron Hayashi; the other was the greatest living statesman of the Far East, or of the whole Oriental world, Marquis Ito, the man who is not incorrectly regarded as the creator of Modern Japan.

THE KING WAS EXTREMELY CORDIAL TO THE MARQUIS and showed him every courtesy. As was to be expected, the Marquis has been the object of many pleasing attentions at the hands of the English people, such, for instance, as the luncheon at the Mansion House, and Lord Salisbury's "week-end" reception of him at Hatfield.

## THE VISIT OF THIS REMARKABLE MAN

to our shores having come to an end, he can hardly fail to contrast his recent experiences of London with those which attended him when he first came amongst us some thirty-five years ago. The circumstances of that first visit were, perhaps, of a more exciting and romantic nature than were those through which he has just passed, but they were scarcely so agreeable. The period which has elapsed between these two visits to England has been the most marvellous in the history of Japan, and it is Marquis Ito, more than any other man, who has given it this special character. Indeed, his life is in itself a wonderful romance. It began in the following manner—

Marquis Ito, a member of the Hizen family, one of the great feudal clans of Japan, was by birth and early training a Conservative of the Conservatives, and he bitterly resented, when he was a young fellow, the Westernisation of his country. He was strongly opposed to admitting the foreigner into what was then a sealed country to the rest of the world. The result of this was that

## HE WAS PROSCRIBED BY HIS GOVERNMENT—

more especially for his connection with a revolutionary movement whose members hated, as only Orientals can hate, the intrusion of foreign ideas and ways into their native land. His proscription led to his flight from Japan—and his first visit to England. In company with Count Inouye, he managed to get to London, and he has himself left on record the story of that trip.

"We two young fellows," the Marquis said to a correspondent, "made for Nagasaki for the purpose of getting to England. The only word of English we knew was 'navigation.' At the office of the shipping company the man in charge asked what we wanted; all we could say was 'navigation.' He sent us aboard a vessel, and imagine our surprise at finding we had been shipped as common sailors. All through the voyage we had to scrub decks and work just as the others did. The English sailors found out that we had money, and it was soon gambled away from us. But not all, for we kept two dollars carefully stowed away in an old stocking for emergencies."

## AND WITH THESE TWO DOLLARS

Ito and his friend arrived one wet and stormy day at the London Docks. No friend came to meet them; they were solitary, hungry, and nearly destitute in the greatest city of the world. One of the dollars was tossed in the air, and on the cast Inouye, it was decided, was to go and seek for food. Inouye found a baker's shop, entered, pointed to a loaf, threw down a dollar on the counter, seized the bread, and, without stopping for the change, rushed back to Ito, who, tired and ravenous, was waiting for him. Next day their friends came for them, and they were no longer alone. Such, then, was Ito's first introduction to England and Western life.

But that visit worked a wonderful change in the young Japanese. It changed him from being a hater and detester of everything foreign into an admirer, a lover, a student of Occidental methods and ideas. He returned to Japan firmly convinced that his early notions were wrong. To use his own words, "It was all nonsense for Japan to keep Europe and America at arm's-length." On his return to Japan, Ito promptly ranged himself

## ON THE SIDE OF THE NEW ORDER.

and to it he has steadfastly clung. But his statesmanship has been of the Conservative kind, for he saw clearly that it was quite possible for

Japan to move too quickly along the new and, to a great extent, untried path of Western progress. In this way he made himself obnoxious to the more ardent Liberals, who, if they could have had their own ideas carried out, would have changed the face of Japan in a day. He has four times been Prime Minister, and his greatest achievement was the promulgation of the State document known as "The Constitution of the Empire of Japan," which is a statement of the laws governing the country, accompanied with an important commentary by him upon them.

Marquis Ito is by long odds the strongest man in Japan; he is the most trusted adviser of the Mikado, and he stands high in the love and admiration of his compatriots. He is now about sixty-two years of age. In appearance he is of medium height, has a military bearing, and his face is lined and furrowed; in manner he is rather reserved and grave, but in thought and action is quick and energetic. Perhaps you can see in his appearance and manner just what you would expect in a man whose career has been marked by

## ALMOST INCESSANT STRUGGLES AND VICISSITUDES.

He has known many ups-and-downs of fortune. It was while he was the principal Minister of the Emperor that the successful war with China was waged, but what followed hard on the close of that contest brought about his fall from political power—at least, for a time. After the war, it will be remembered, Russia, France, and Germany intervened and demanded that the Liaotung Peninsula, which China had ceded to Japan, should be retroceded to the Chinese, and Ito was compelled to consent to this arrangement. It was, undoubtedly, a bitter blow to him, and the course of subsequent events, with which all are familiar, cannot have made it more pleasant. But three or four years later Ito was in power again. During the summer of last year he was forced to resign on a financial question. Still, he is pretty sure to be Prime Minister again before very long. His last trip, which has included visits to the United States, France, Germany, and Russia, as well as England, is now concluded, and he returns to Japan refreshed and strengthened for whatever the future may hold for him. Certainly, he takes back with him the good wishes of all, both for himself and for that wonderful New Japan which he has done so much to make and shape.

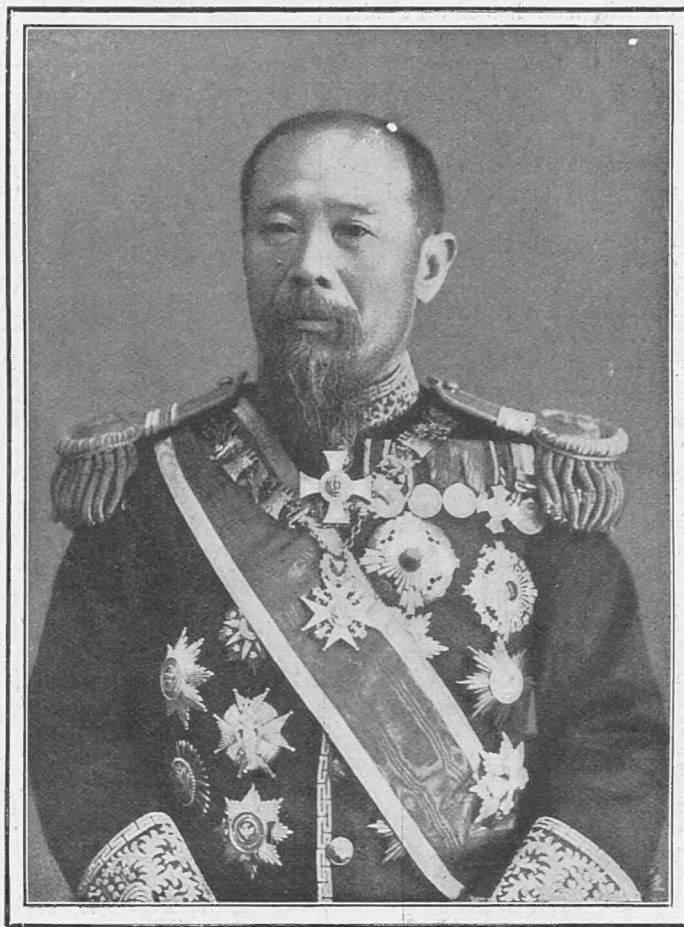
## "EUGENE ARAM" PLAYS.

According to his latest arrangements up to the moment of going to press, Mr. Martin Harvey has selected next Saturday, the 11th inst., for the date of his production of "After All," at the Avenue. This play, as I have ere now remarked, is another adaptation of the Eugene Aram story which has for so long fascinated many folk. The latest "Aram" play is the work of those diligent clerical playwrights, the Rev. Freeman Wills (of Finsbury, London) and the

Rev. Frederick Langbridge (of Limerick, Ireland). The brother of the first-named clergyman—the late W. G. Wills, to wit—wrote nearly thirty years ago a drama upon this subject for the then "Mr." Henry Irving, but it was scarcely worthy of the author of such plays as "Charles the First" and "Olivia."

There have, of course, been many "Eugene Aram" plays since that miscreant or martyr, according to the point of view adopted, suffered for his crime. The most enduring stage-play of the sort up to some years ago was one prepared by W. T. Moncrieff, the sometime famous dramatist of Pierce Egan's "Life in London" story, entitled "Tom and Jerry." That "Eugene Aram" drama did not mince matters, I do assure you. Even nowadays, whenever I take it down from my play-book shelves, I shudder at Aram's pronounced criminality, and especially at the awful scene wherein the intrepid adapter, defying the then current Lyttonian "extenuation" idea, has boldly shown Eugene Aram gazing with marrow-freezing horror upon the skeleton of his hapless victim.

The Princess's will start a season under yet another tenancy next Tuesday, the 14th inst., when Miss Lena Burnleigh will present "The Broken Melody." The leading part will be played by Mr. Auguste Van Biene, who, since the piece was first tried in London at the Prince of Wales's, has played it for nearly three thousand times! Mr. Van Biene, being primarily a 'cellist, and having, indeed, had this play written around his skilful performances on that instrument, will give several beautiful excerpts thereon every evening.



MARQUIS ITO, THE GREATEST LIVING STATESMAN OF THE FAR EAST.

Photo by Maruki, Tokio Japan.



### "PETER THE PARASITE."

IT is a pity that the author (E. Maria Albanesi) should have chosen such an unfortunate title for her book (Sands and Co.), as it is apt to prejudice people against a pleasant little story. Indeed, the objectionable Peter is practically a subordinate character, and, having trifled with the affections of an impressionable widow and been horse-whipped by an actress (who has also a little score to settle with him), he



MADAME E. MARIA ALBANESI, AUTHOR  
OF "PETER THE PARASITE."

Photo by Fall, Baker Street, W.

passes out of the tale in fitting ignominy. The plot is mainly concerned with the life of Margaret Chessingham, who at the beginning of the book is supporting her mother and herself by her work in the secretary's office of a draper's-shop. Margaret's father—once a rich man—had seen ruin staring him in the face and had committed suicide; but Margaret has none of the coward in her disposition, and asks nothing better than to devote herself to the care of her delicate mother. Alas, even this is denied her, for Mrs. Chessingham has never really recovered from the shock. Despite the most careful nursing, she dies, and her daughter is alone but for the dear, devoted old servant, Janet. Yet now appears on the scene a wealthy uncle, who adopts Margaret and carries her off to the country, leaving behind two sad hearts, for a young doctor, Roger Torre, has fallen in love with the girl, although she at that time scarcely gave him a thought. In this case, however, "absence made the heart grow fonder," and Margaret, despite the fascinations of the mercenary Peter and the dog-like devotion of the youthful Tony Hudson, soon discovers to whom her thoughts turn. General Cobbe, the uncle, is particularly well sketched-in. To quote his own words, he could be "d——d unpleasant when I like," but he was as sterling a character as could be desired. He never scrupled to hit out from the shoulder, as witness his remarks on the women who "put on a grey waterproof and a long veil and play at being sick-nurses, and the first time they put a poultice on, by Gad, they stab their patients with a diamond brooch!" There may not be anything strikingly new in the incidents and situations of the story, but it is rather refreshing nowadays to come across a book which does not strain after weird effects and startling situations.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN THE COSTUME SHE WORE IN GORLESTON CHURCH  
WHEN RECITING ON NEW YEAR'S EVE TENNYSON'S "RING-OUT, WILD BELLS."

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Bolak.

### HER MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.

EVERY EVENING at 8.15. (LAST WEEKS.)  
THE LAST OF THE DANDIES, by Clyde Fitch.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. P. J. Turner) open 10 to 10. HER MAJESTY'S.

### LYCEUM. FOURTH MONTH.

EVERY EVENING at 8 precisely. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.  
Charles Frohman presents  
WILLIAM GILLETTE in SHERLOCK HOLMES.

### PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Sole Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.

Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. Leigh.  
EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely.  
BECKY SHARP.  
MISS MARIE TEMPEST as BECKY. Box Office 10 to 10.  
EVERY AFTERNOON at 3 (Saturdays excepted), KATAWAMPUS.

### GARRICK THEATRE.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Lessee and Manager.

Every Evening, at 8 precisely, IRIS, by A. W. PINERO.  
Box Office (Mr. Hartley) open 10 to 10.

### STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURZON.

EVERY EVENING, at 8 o'clock precisely,  
A CHINESE HONEYMOON.  
A Musical Play in Two Acts.  
By George Dance. Music by Howard Talbot.  
LOUIE FREEAR. GRACIE LEIGH. LIONEL RIGNOLD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. S. J. Crookes) open 10 to 10.

### ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.  
By the Author of "Lady Windermere's Fan."  
EVERY EVENING at 8.45.  
(For a limited number of performances).  
Preceded at 8 by A PATCHED-UP AFFAIR, by Florence Warden. Box Office 10 to 10.

### ST. JAMES'S. LIBERTY HALL.

MATINEES  
TO-DAY (Wednesday) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.  
Box Office 10 to 10. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

### LONDON HIPPODROME.

CRANBURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.  
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE

LUXURIOUS BATHS, Hot-Air or Vapour. Perfumed or Medicated,  
on the Turkish principle, can be had in your own room at a cost of 1d. per bath. Valuable and beautifully illustrated books, entitled "The Philosophy of Health and Beauty," "Health, Strength, Hygiene," and others, will be sent free to all who write the N. R. Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Ltd. (Dept. 352), 203, Regent Street, London, W.

EFFECTUAL TREATMENT of OBESITY is secured by eating  
KALARI BISCUITS instead of bread or toast. They are palatable and starchless, contain no drugs, and have the approval of the medical profession. No severe denials necessary. Sample free.—CALLARD and CO., 65, Regent Street, London.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS! DRINK and DRUG HABITS completely  
conquered, controlled, and eradicated, without restraint, at patient's own home by "TACQUARU" Specific Treatment (Turvey's method). Testimonials received from officials of LONDON DIOCESAN BRANCH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Write in confidence, or call—The Medical Superintendent, "TACQUARU" COMPANY, 2, Ambell y House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London W.C.

### THE RIVIERA EXPRESS

IS THE  
ONLY ENGLISH DAILY  
ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Consequently, as an Advertising medium it offers special facilities to English manufacturers and exporters, and to English subscribers desirous of keeping au fait with affairs at Monte Carlo and the Riviera it will be posted daily on the following terms—

ONE MONTH .. .. 5s.  
THREE MONTHS .. .. 15s.

Rates for advertisements can be obtained of our Agents in London,  
H. DAWSON and CO., 34, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.  
All communications (except regarding advertisements) to be addressed to the Secretary,  
"RIVIERA EXPRESS,"  
RUE PRATO, MENTON, FRANCE.

### MRS. ALEXANDER'S NEW NOVEL.

Mr. Fisher Unwin wishes to draw the attention of all book-readers to a thrilling new novel which he will publish on Jan. 13, entitled "THE YELLOW FIEND." It is by MRS. ALEXANDER, Author of "Brown, V.C." &c., and the published price is 6s. As the advance orders for this work are unusually heavy, please order it at once from your bookseller or library.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, London.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*A Charming Royal Act of Courtesy.*

It is said, and probably with truth, that King Edward is going to celebrate the Coronation by a very charming act of courtesy towards the Queen; that is, by the institution of an Alexandra Order, which will, of course, be limited to ladies, and which will probably have three degrees, first class, second class, and third class, the first class being limited to Princesses of Royal birth. There are innumerable feminine Orders, the most splendid being those connected with the Austrian and Russian Imperial families. Queen Alexandra herself is very fond of wearing her many Orders, her favourite being naturally the Danish Royal Family Orders. Should Her Majesty's sweet countenance be enshrined in the centre of the new Order, the Alexandra will be one of the most coveted distinctions in the world.



STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA,  
TO OCCUPY A POSITION IN FRONT OF THE  
TOWN HALL, LEAMINGTON SPA.  
Photo by Ritchie, Brompton Road, S.W.

certain that Queen Alexandra, the only Lady of the Garter, will be present. I am told that Her Majesty has decided to wear the Garter Rose during at least a portion of the Coronation ceremony.

The above photograph was taken from the recently completed model in clay of the late Queen Victoria by Albert Toft. The statue stands 9 ft. 6 in. high, and when completed in marble, as the work is intended to be, will be elevated upon a granite pedestal eleven feet, and occupy a position in front of the Town Hall, Royal Borough of Leamington Spa.

Lord Fincastle is now busily engaged in raising a Scottish regiment which will bear his name. In this task he is being assisted by his father's, Lord Dunmore's, help and advice. Lord Fincastle, who is the only one of His Majesty's many godsons who can write the letters "V.C." after his name, is one of the best-looking as well as one of the most eligible of elder

*Picturesque Decorations.* Royal personages attach the most extreme importance to decorations, and the German Emperor has of late years done much to revive popular interest in the Order of the Black Eagle. He makes a great point of each Knight attending the yearly Chapter in person, and it is stated that the Prince of Wales, who will pay a flying visit to Berlin towards the end of this month, will be present at the function. Apropos of Chapters, a Chapter of the Order of the Garter will be held either just before or just after the Coronation, and it will be of special interest, as it is



VISCOUNT FINCASTLE, V.C.,  
ONE OF THE KING'S GODSONS.  
Photo by Dickinson and Foster.

sons, and his personality has come more than ever to the front lately owing to his parents' enthusiastic adherence to Christian Science. Through his mother, formerly Lady Gertrude Coke, Lord Fincastle is descended from the first Earl of Leicester, who was so enthusiastic and successful an agriculturist, but from his father he inherits the blood of a thousand Scottish heroes, one of his immediate ancestors having been out in the '45. Though a true mother's boy, as was natural considering that he was the only brother among five sisters, he very early distinguished himself not only with the sword, but with the pen, for he was actually acting as Newspaper Correspondent, having accompanied in that capacity the Malakand Field Force, when an act of conspicuous gallantry won him the much-coveted little piece of gun-metal. This was four years ago, and since then he has gone through the hardest part of the South African Campaign, being mentioned in despatches. Both Lord Dunmore and Lord Fincastle are keen sportsmen. They delight in a free outdoor life, and they are both tenderly attached to their beautiful Highland home, a castle situated in the Isle of Harris, which Lord Dunmore lately made over to his gallant son.

*The Friend of the Queen.*

There is something very charming and touching in the devoted affection which exists between Queen Alexandra and her faithful friend and Secretary, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys. Miss Knollys, who is descended from one of the oldest families in the Kingdom, and one whose connection with the Court began as long ago as in the days of Edward the Black Prince, is a sister of Sir Francis Knollys, and her connection with the then Princess of Wales's Household began over twenty years ago. It is not often that Queens and Princesses are able to enjoy the pleasures of intimate friendship with one outside the Royal caste, and Queen Alexandra is in this matter very fortunate, for in Miss Knollys Her Majesty has long had not only an intimate friend, but one whose devoted affection and vigilance have never relaxed for a moment. It is an open secret that the Court remained in London over Christmas mainly because Miss Knollys was, for the first time for many years, incapacitated from accompanying her Royal mistress to the country, and the Queen (whose own cold was slight) did not care to leave her friend ill and lonely to spend the Christmas days in solitude.



THE HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS,  
AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA.  
Photo by Alice Hughes, Goner Street.

*King Edward's Hospital Fund.*

Of all the happy thoughts His Majesty has been deservedly credited with since his accession, the happiest was his gracious consent to continue his direct patronage and support of the noble institutions which alleviate the terrible total of human suffering in this great city. No one who has had the privilege of being a patient in one of London's magnificent Palaces of Health—benevolent Houses of God in reality—can forget whilst life lasts the skilful treatment of devoted Surgeons, the tender and unremitting care, night and day, of the hard-working Matrons, Sisters, and Nurses. It should be the bounden duty of every citizen to subscribe regularly every year to our Hospitals, the general management of which is beyond all praise. It is satisfactory to know that the funds have been notably increased by means of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, founded by H.R.H. (as he then was) to commemorate the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee; and all who have at heart the interests of these mansions of true philanthropy must rejoice to know that from the same Royal source will flow a rich tide of public contributions, as, by special desire of His Majesty, the name has been changed to "King Edward's Hospital Fund for London," with the present Prince of Wales as President and Lord Rothschild as Treasurer. I gladly comply with the request of the Secretary, and add that the new offices of the Fund are at 81, Cheapside, London, E.C., to which address all who wish to join in the most benignant celebration of this Coronation Year should send their remittances in aid of our Hospitals.



*Lord  
Beaconsfield's  
"Trentham."*

Trentham Hall, the lovely Italian-looking mansion where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have opened Coronation Year, is one of the glories of Staffordshire. Particularly beautiful, and in their way unique, are the gardens of Trentham; they extend for more than sixty acres, and include an Italian Garden, a Rainbow Walk, a Parterre, and a Trellis Walk. Now that the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are so immensely popular with all their poorer neighbours and in the Black Country generally, and in view of the beautiful young Duchess devoting

with his portrait, a function which will take place at Pathhead on Jan. 16, when several members of the Stair family will attend.

*January Weddings.*

The January of Coronation Year seems likely to be a record wedding-month. The Royal bride of the moment is the charming young granddaughter of the Emperor of Austria, and we may be sure that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will send a beautiful marriage-gift of British manufacture to His Majesty's third-cousin, for, curiously enough, the Archduchess Elizabeth is granddaughter to the King's first-cousin, and so belongs to the generation of Prince Edward of Wales. Of course, the great London marriage function will be that at which Lord Stavordale, the eldest son and heir of Lord Ilchester, will wed Lady Helen Stewart, the beautiful and accomplished only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry. A wedding of considerable interest to the political world will also be celebrated towards the end of the month, that of Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, the eldest daughter of Lord Crewe and the step-daughter of Lord Rosebery's young daughter, to one of the best-looking of elder sons, the heir of Lord O'Neill. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's younger daughter, Lady Gladys Hamilton, becomes Lady Wicklow this month.

*The Kaiser's  
Present.*

The German Emperor presented a curious Christmas-gift to one of his Ministers the other day (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in Berlin). His Majesty, well aware of the biting criticisms passed on Herr Althoff, sent him his own portrait signed by himself, and under the Imperial signature the words "Die schlechtesten Früchte sind es nicht, woran die Wespen nagen," the literal translation of which is, "It is not the worst fruit that the wasps choose out to attack." By this very apposite

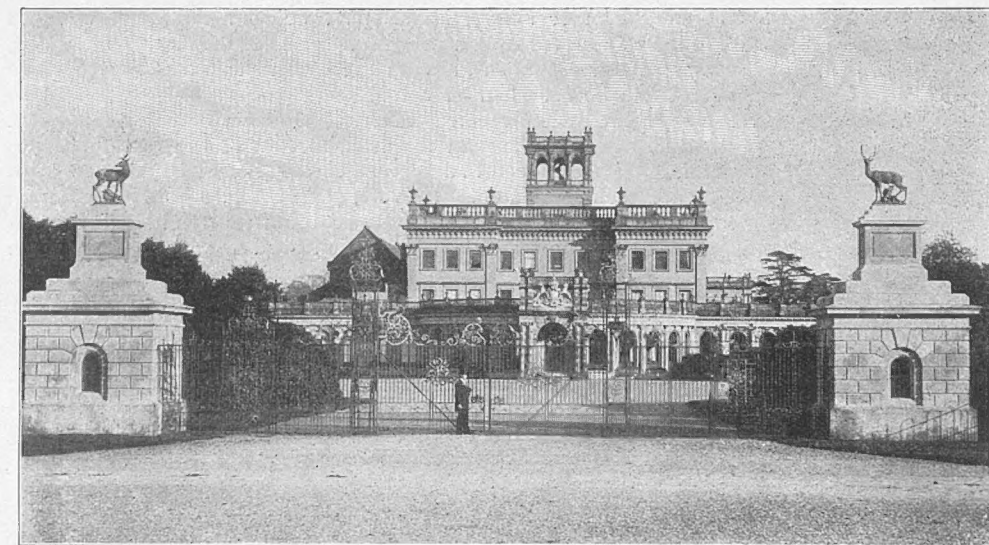
quotation from one of Bürger's poems the German Emperor soothes the troubled breast of a conscientious Minister and at the same time shows certain individuals that they are, in his own opinion, nothing more nor less than aggravating insects of the most virulent type.

*The Kaiser as  
Architect.*

A new police station is being built at Wiesbaden. This is in itself little in the shape of news. It gains in interest, however, when it is stated that the Kaiser, who is well known to take exceptional interest in this town, interfered and prevented the place from being disfigured with unsuitable architecture. The plans were quite complete at the beginning of this year, but were altered several times until they were finally passed by the Ministry of the Interior. Then, quite unexpectedly, when the foundation-stone was going to be laid, an order was received to suspend all further operations. The plans had been shown at the last moment to the German Emperor, who absolutely refused to allow them to be executed. Now, however, they have been altered to His Majesty's satisfaction and the work of building has been commenced.

*Lenbach and the  
German Emperor.*

The celebrated artist, Franz von Lenbach, has just given a very characteristic answer to an interviewer who asked him his opinion about the much-discussed Avenue of Triumph, which was, as everyone knows, erected by the German Emperor at His Majesty's own expense. "I consider the Avenue of Victory a failure," said Lenbach. "Why, even Emperor William himself made fun of the figure representing his forefather as an absurdly corpulent old gentleman." With these words, the great man picked up a picture which he had just been painting.



TRENTHAM HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

so much of her time and energy to advocating the claims of leadless glaze, it is curious to remember that time was, during the Pottery Bread Riots, when Trentham had to arm an amateur regiment of retainers against a mob. In the steward's room may be seen quite a collection of old guns, pistols, and swords used on that memorable occasion. Many noted people have spent a shorter or longer time at Trentham, among them being Garibaldi, who stayed there as the guest of the Duchess Harriet in 1864. The present Duke and Duchess spend Christmas in the good old style; not one of their many relations and retainers are forgotten, and many a humble home in Staffordshire, Sutherland, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Salop opens the New Year more brightly owing to the intelligent forethought of the Duchess of Sutherland.

*Princess  
Christian Cottage  
Homes.*

It is gratifying to learn that the success of the Prince Christian Victor Cottage Home Memorial Fund is now beyond doubt. By the aid of a munificent donation of a thousand pounds from Lloyd's Patriotic Fund and smaller sums from many regiments and individuals, the total amount received now amounts to some ten thousand pounds. The homes will in no sense be "institutions," but simply rent-free cottages endowed in perpetuity for disabled soldiers and each bearing a tablet recording the name of the regiment or corps for which it is reserved. Some ninety regiments are already contributing to the separate funds for these havens of refuge. The General Committee includes the Lord Mayor of London, Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland and the counties, and principal collectors, under the Presidency of Lord Roberts. The expenses are practically nil, as no salaried officials are employed, and Lord Roberts has kindly lent his room at the Horse Guards as an office. When it is added that the Hon. Treasurer is Lord Brassey and that Sir Redvers Buller is Chairman of the Executive Committee, it will be readily realised that the indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. C. Papillon (to whom subscriptions should be addressed), is likely to find himself more busy than ever at "The Prince Christian Victor Memorial Office," Horse Guards, S.W.

*Colonel the Hon.  
North Dalrymple-  
Hamilton.*

The Unionist electors of Midlothian, the county which Mr. Gladstone was wont to designate "the Queen of Constituencies," have not forgotten their relationship with Colonel the Hon. North Dalrymple-Hamilton, who contested the seat at the last General Election. The gallant Colonel of the Scots Guards is the second son of the veteran Earl of Stair, who has taken up his residence for the winter months at Oxenford Castle, his country-house in Midlothian, and is a favourite in palace and cot alike; he was on terms of intimacy with the late Sovereign, from whom he received autograph inquiries when recovering from the wound he received at Belmont, and Her Majesty is godmother to his children. It has been agreed, as a mark of gratitude for his services to the Unionist cause, to present the Colonel



THE DAIRY AT TRENTHAM.  
From Photographs by Fall, Baker Street, W.



turned it face downwards on his easel, and then drew on the back of it a rough sketch of what he would have liked to see replacing the present "Sieges-Allee." "But," continued he, "however people may blame the German Emperor for his impetuosity, everyone must agree on one point: he is certainly the most interesting of all living Monarchs."

#### *The German Crown Prince.*

The German Crown Prince has quite recovered now from his indisposition (adds my Berlin Correspondent). In the course of Christmas week, he, with two of his younger brothers, was taken round the new overhead railway, which is now well on its way towards completion, and inspected all the various parts of this enormous feat of engineering. The Crown Prince showed very great interest in all that was shown and asked many questions of his guides. On Saturday he was present at Count Solm's shooting-party at Klitschdorf.

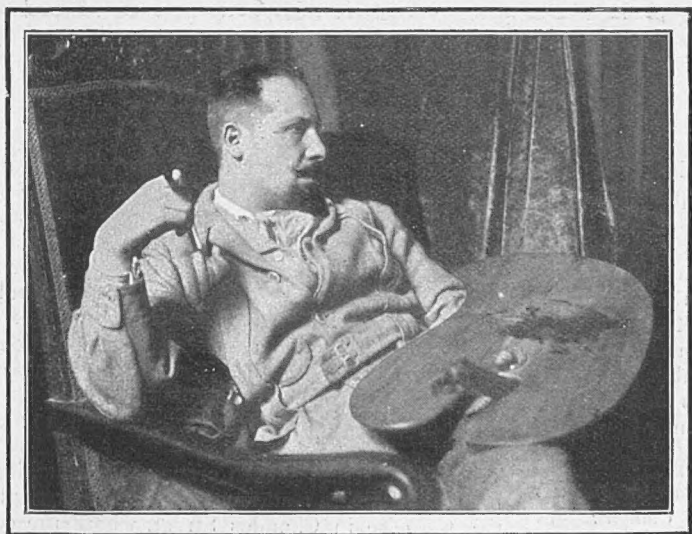
#### *New Year's Eve in Germany.*

New Year's Eve in Germany this year was probably the very warmest ever experienced in this generally bitterly cold, wintry land. It is no exaggeration to say that the 31st of December was as warm as the mildest April day. Yet, despite the curious, unseasonable weather, the Berliners succeeded in amusing themselves as only they know how. The Berliner takes his amusements very seriously; he begins at eight in the evening, and steadily continues to enjoy his carp boiled in beer, his champagne, wine, beer, punch, cigars, and coffee till three and even four the next morning.

#### *The Designer of the New Postage-Stamps.*

Last week, I gave a brief account of the new postage-stamps bearing the King's head. I now have pleasure in saying a few words about the distinguished artist who designed them, Mr. Emil Fuchs. This gentleman was born in Vienna in 1866. He studied art in the Royal Academy of Berlin, and succeeded in taking the German Prix de Rome in 1891 for sculpture. Thereafter he lived and studied in Italy, and he still has a studio in Rome. He came to England four and a-half years ago, under the following circumstances. In 1897, whilst he was still in Rome, an English lady gave him some sittings for a bust; but, as she was compelled to leave before it was completed, she asked him to go to England. This led him to come to London in the year of the Diamond Jubilee, and he now intends to settle permanently amongst us, because he considers that, of all peoples, the English are the most sincere in their criticisms of art.

Perhaps his most notable work, so far, is the fine group called "Mother's Love," which piece of sculpture was exhibited in the Great Exhibition of Art in Munich in 1896, where it won the Gold Medal. This group was in our own Royal Academy Exhibition in 1899, as were also a bust of Lady Alice Montagu and a silver bust of Lord Wolseley. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria heard of Mr. Fuchs' bust of Lady Alice Montagu, and she commanded him to go to Windsor, where he executed some fine medallions for her. These were commemorative portrait-medallions, and they attracted the notice of the King, then Prince of Wales, who commanded the artist to do similar work for himself. The portrait-head of His Majesty which appears on the new postage-stamps is taken from drawings made by Mr. Fuchs, for the purpose of these medallions, two or three years ago. In 1901, this artist was commanded by the King to make drawings of the late Queen as she lay in state after her death at Windsor. Mr. Fuchs also had the honour of making medals, with portrait-heads of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when,



MR. EMIL FUCHS, M.V.O., DESIGNER OF THE KING EDWARD POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Photo by R. J. W. Haines, Milman Road, W.

as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they made their famous tour of the Empire last year. Mr. Fuchs is an artist who is sure to be heard of a very great deal in the future, both as sculptor and painter.

#### *The New Coin.*

*Punch* has a particularly felicitous cartoon on the new King Edward Coinage, and doubtless interpreted His Majesty's own wishes accurately in adding the aspiration that this "Sovereign balm for all our woes" may circulate freely. So



KING EDWARD'S HEAD ON THE NEW COINAGE, DESIGNED BY MR. DE SAULLES.

note it be! The new coin was designed by Mr. De Saulles, whose likeness of the King is a good one. It is the obverse that is enlarged in the accompanying photograph.

#### *Munificent Philanthropists.*

Sir Ernest Cassel's grand gift to the King of £200,000 for charitable purposes has in the bright New Year a parallel in the case of M. Robert Lebaudy, who has devoted the same splendid sum, it is cabled from Chicago, for the establishment of a French Industrial School—presumably in Porkopolis. M. Lebaudy's patriotic object is to promote French Commerce thereby; and it is satisfactory to know that at least one public-spirited Englishman, Mr. Alfred Mosely, is prepared to provide the means for a cosmopolitan inquiry by educational experts as to how England may best be benefited in the same way. With regard to Sir Ernest Cassel's £200,000, His Majesty has directed that it shall be devoted (as the *British Medical Journal* states) "to the erection of a sanatorium for tuberculous patients in England. For the carrying out of this purpose, His Majesty has appointed an Advisory Committee, consisting of Sir William Broadbent, Sir Richard Douglas Powell, Sir Francis Laking, Sir Felix Semon, Sir Herman Weber, and Dr. C. Theodore Williams, with Dr. Horton-Smith and Dr. John Broadbent as Honorary Secretaries."

#### *Lord Rosebery as a Cattle-Breeder.*

Lord Rosebery, in the modesty of his heart, terms his famous Chesterfield speech a "skeleton." There is nothing in the nature of a skeleton at the Home Farm, Dalmeny Park, neither is there any vision of a man "intrenching" or "ploughing a lonely furrow." The farm-buildings are well-built and tidy, and there are good cottages for the married men, with gardens. The pedigreed cattle, Scottish shorthorns, polled Angus, Border Leicester sheep, pigs, and stud of Clydesdale horses are in splendid condition. You couldn't count their ribs if you tried! The two-year-old polled Angus bull, black as night, has a hide that no storm could easily penetrate. The cattleman pokes it in the ribs, and it only wags its tail expectantly, as if more turnip or oil-cake were approaching. This splendid animal was bred by Colonel McIntosh near Brechin. Since Lord Rosebery entered the ranks of pedigreed-cattle breeders his animals have taken many prizes. When he leaves Dalmeny House and strikes southward to the hollow a little way behind, to the snug buildings of the Home Farm, it must rejoice his heart to see the array of prize-cards plastered all along the walls of the cattle-sheds. First, second, third prizes, champion cups, and honours of every kind are there recorded—trophies of many a successful Show. America, with a keen scent for a good thing, purchased thirty of his shorthorns last year. The four-year-old shorthorn bull "Villagier" was Champion of the last Agricultural Show at Edinburgh. There are "sweet little heifers," a byre with eighteen polled Angus cows, and another of shorthorns. A polled Angus cow, "Effie May," has been a great prize-taker and is booked for Colorado.

#### *Kate Greenaway's Pictures.*

The Fine Art Society deserves the gratitude of all lovers of an exquisitely dainty form of art for making a collection of the late Miss Kate Greenaway's delightful Water-colour Drawings. They will doubtless prove among the most attractive pictures exhibited this New Year. The Private View takes place at 148, New Bond Street, next Saturday.

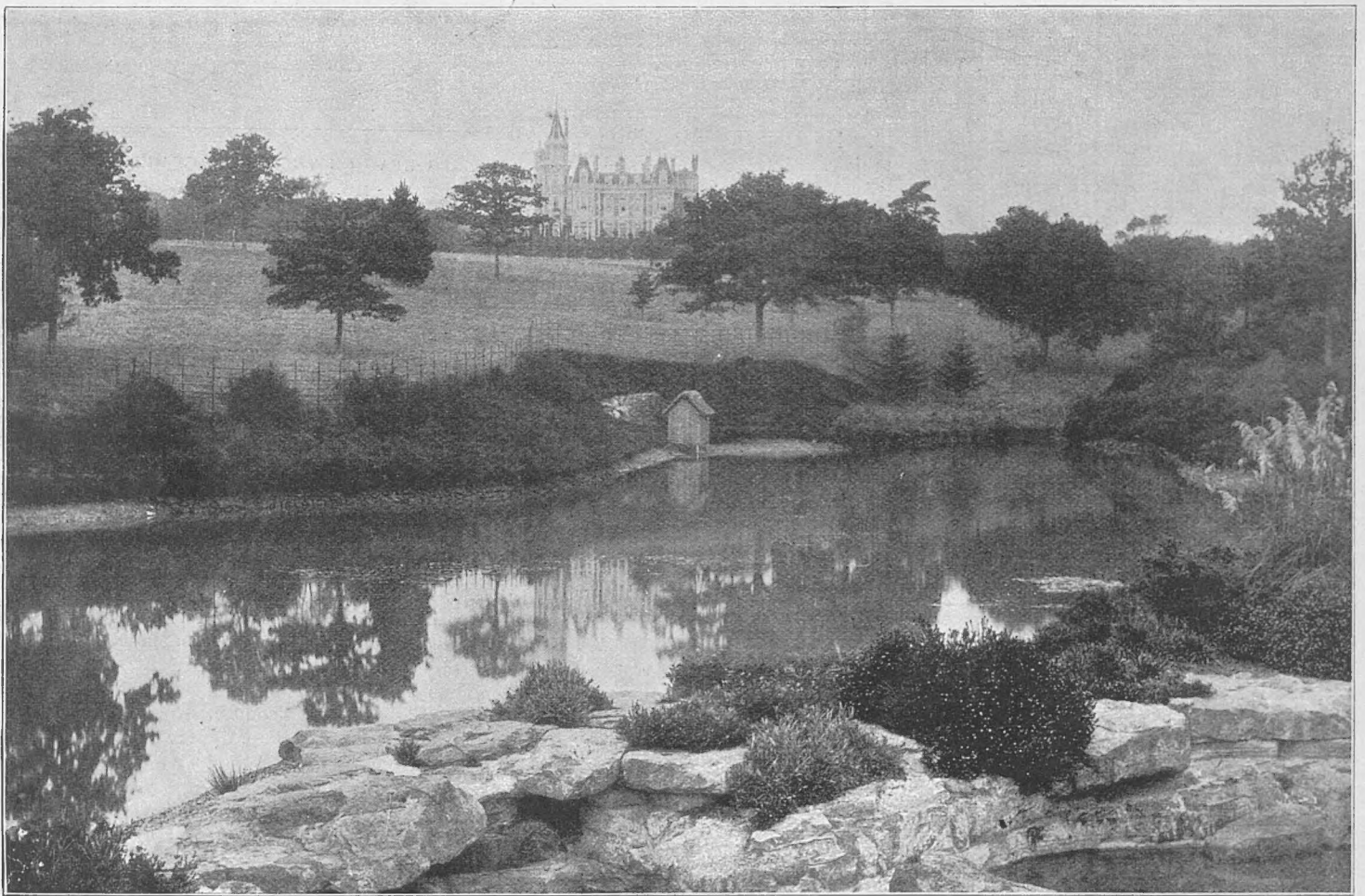


*Normanhurst.* Normanhurst has for some years past seen comparatively little of its popular owners, for Lord Brassey and his beautiful, accomplished wife have been serving their country in Greater Britain. Now, however, it is probable that they will spend a considerable portion of each year in their palatial Sussex home, of which the name was a happy inspiration, probably suggested by the proximity of Battle and other historic spots connected with the invasion of England by William the Conqueror.

*The Home of the Montagus.* Amongst the many stately homes of England which will house foreign representatives deputed to attend the Coronation will be Ditton Park, which, when occupied by the late Duchess of Buccleuch, was so often visited by the late Queen. Ditton Park has been the seat for generations of the noble family of Montagu, and the manor is of great antiquity. In 1331 it was granted by Edward III. to Sir John de Molins, who built a castle there. This was replaced in the time of James I. by a more modern mansion, eventually destroyed by fire. The present structure dates from the early part of last century, and is enclosed by the old broad and deep moat, which is crossed by a bridge, through an embattled gate-house, with massive gates leading into the noble courtyard. The park contains many fine old oaks and a private chapel built some three hundred years

from the brush of Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. Sir John Leng is one of the few men born on this side of the Tweed who have created a name for themselves and consolidated a great business in the northern half of the Kingdom. Known familiarly in Dundee as "Johnny" Leng, there is no man in "Interpolis" owning a larger share of the affection of his fellow-townsmen, who have had repeated proofs of his practical interest in their comfort and well-being. Besides his portrait, Sir William Dalgleish handed Sir John a cheque for three hundred-odd pounds, the compounded sum of what had been subscribed, and this the recipient increased to £1500, making of that amount a trust donation for the purpose of stimulating "literary and scientific pursuits among the youth of Dundee and district, and also to encourage the teaching of the songs of Scotland, the beauty and tenderness of which he had always admired." Sir John Leng lately paid a visit to the house in Hull where, close on seventy-four years ago, he first saw the light, and he would have been accompanied by his elder brother, Sir William C. Leng, of Sheffield, had the condition of his health permitted.

*The Attorney-General.* Sir Robert Finlay, the Attorney-General, who is to be leading counsel for the Crown at the approaching trial of Dr. Krause, has been spending his Christmas vacation among his constituents in the far North. He relieved his



NORMANHURST, THE SUSSEX HOME OF LORD BRASSEY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. KING, LONDON.

ago. Ditton Park has been let to an American gentleman, who, it is understood, will there have the honour of entertaining the United States representative to the Coronation.

*A Distinguished "London Correspondent."* It doubtless struck some readers of *The Sketch* as rather singular that the London correspondence in a North Country journal concerning Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should, apart from the topical importance of the subject, have so much value attached to it. This was the case, at any rate, with many intelligent newspaper readers, as well as politicians who were unaware that the London Correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* is one of the most experienced journalists and "lobbyists" in London. Mr. William Jeans, who has long and faithfully served Sir John Leng with a Metropolitan "letter" second to none in interest and ability, is also London Correspondent of the *Yorkshire Observer*—the Liberal organ published in Bradford that altered its title last November—and he is the *doyen* of the members of the Press Gallery in the House of Commons.

*Sir John Leng's Jubilee.* The citizens of Dundee did well in recognising in a tangible fashion the Jubilee of their distinguished townsman, Sir John Leng, M.P., and they were certainly happy in their choice of Sir William Ogilvy Dalgleish, Bart., a former political opponent but staunch friend of Sir John's, to present the veteran Editor with his portrait (a capital likeness, by the way)

political speeches the other day by addressing a meeting of the Seamen's Temperance Union at Nairn on the "Influence of Ballads or Songs." "Ballads," said Sir Robert, "were originally linked to song," and he confessed that he always liked to be able to follow the words of a song when sung, the musical setting being invariably of secondary importance. Of the ballads in ancient literature, David's lament over Saul and Jonathan he considered the most beautiful and perfect of all. The Attorney-General—who, by the way, is a Graduate in Medicine of Edinburgh University—has been chosen by the Unionist students of his *alma mater* as their candidate for the Lord Rectorship, which becomes vacant when, in October, Lord Dufferin's term of office comes to a close.

*Royal Coronation Coaches.* The preparations for the Coronation are making the hearts of London tradesmen glad. In particular is this the case in Chandos Street, where the coach-makers are busy making several state-coaches for His Majesty, in addition to two semi-state landaus. These are being built at the works where those for William IV., the Duchess of Kent, and "the young Princess Victoria" were turned out. Two dress-carriages are also being made for the Prince of Wales. The Coronation-coach of the Prince is to be superbly decorated, the centre panel bearing the Royal Arms with supporters, the Garter with its motto and the pendant, also the motto "Ich Dien." On the left panel will be the "Feathers," and on the right the Red Dragon of Wales, the latest addition to His Royal Highness's Arms.



Master Jack  
Esmond.

Miss Eva Moore and her husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, are both so well known to *Sketch* readers—the one as a fascinating comedy-actress, and the other as a clever character-actor and brilliant dramatist—that I am sure my readers will be interested in the portrait of Master Jack Esmond,



MRS. H. V. ESMOND (MISS EVA MOORE) AND HER LITTLE SON JACK.

Photo by Ga'ell, Eccleston Street, S.W.

who appears on this page in the arms of his comely mother. It will be indeed surprising if the son of such a clever couple does not turn out to be a Triton of talent among the minnows of his own generation.

*A Difference—  
with a Distinction.*

Homer nodded, and Mr. William Archer, one of the most erudite of journalists and sympathetic of critics, with a fine taste in poetry, has been following suit in his most recent "real conversation" with Mr. Spenser Wilkinson in the January number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. In the course of that conversation, he quotes Mr. Gilbert's well-known song from "Iolanthe" and makes it read—

Every boy and every gal  
That's born into the world alive  
Must be a little Liberal  
Or else a Conservative.

Mr. Gilbert, however, did not write that, and he would probably deny that he wrote anything like it, were he asked. What he did write was—

That every boy and every gal  
That's born into the world alive  
Is either a little Liberal  
Or else a little Conservative.

To the uninitiate the difference may appear to be without distinction, but Mr. Gilbert is a purist, and, if the actor given the lines were to

attempt to sing Mr. Archer's version—should one say perversion?—of them, Mr. Gilbert would probably adopt the same course as did his brilliant partner in another comic opera, who remarked, when the actor sang a song at rehearsal and inadvertently changed a single note, "That's a very charming song of yours; and now, if you don't mind, perhaps you'll sing mine."

*The Queen's  
Youngest Maid-of-  
Honour.*

Miss Sylvia Edwardes, Her Majesty's youngest Maid-of-Honour, was given the same post in the Household of the late Sovereign when she was only seventeen, a fact which aroused a good deal of interest at the time, for, as a rule, Queen Victoria did not care to appoint as a Maid-of-Honour any young lady who had not already seen something of the world. Miss Edwardes, who was a cousin of the Lord Kensington who died some two years ago of wounds received in South Africa, is highly accomplished; she spent a portion of her early girlhood in France, and speaks French remarkably well. She is also



THE HON. SYLVIA EDWARDES, THE QUEEN'S YOUNGEST MAID-OF-HONOUR.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

very musical, a taste which must commend her to her present Royal mistress, and which she shares with Her Majesty's other three Maids-of-Honour, the twin Miss Vivians and Miss Mary Dyke. In one matter these four young ladies are singularly fortunate. It will fall to their lot to take a prominent part in the great historic pageant of the Coronation, where they will present a most charming appearance, their white gowns showing to great advantage against all the brilliant coloured uniforms and the gorgeous robes worn by both Peers and Peeresses.

*Favourites of  
Fortune.*

Mr. Frederick and Lady Esther Smith may well be counted among Fortune's favourites, for they essentially give the lie to the naughty old distich which declares "If you are good you will be happy, but you will not have a good time." Few elder sons—for Mr. Smith is heir to his mother, Viscountess Hambleden—lead more busy and more meritorious lives than this still youthful politician, who will not be thirty-three till next August. He finds time, in addition to being an active partner in the famous firm of W. H. Smith and Son, to act as Treasurer to King's College, London, to be Captain of the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry Cavalry, and also to represent in Parliament the Strand Division in the Conservative interest. In the late W. H. Smith's biography there are many touching references to the beloved only son who never



THE HON. FREDERICK SMITH, M.P., AND LADY ESTHER SMITH.

From Photographs by Denney.



caused his parents a moment's anxiety or distress; and it is sad to think that the man whom Queen Victoria is said to have styled "her most valued and faithful Minister" should not have lived to welcome as his daughter-in-law the accomplished lady who is now mistress of Greenlands. What may justly be called the coping-stone of the happiness of Mr. Frederick Smith and Lady Esther was the birth last year, seven years

after their marriage, of their first child, a little daughter who may live to be, should she not have any brother, a Peeress in her own right. Greenlands, where Lady Esther Smith has been entertaining a large family-party for Christmas, is one of the most delightful places near Henley and overlooks a particularly beautiful stretch of Thames scenery. It is noted for its gardens and contains many interesting mementoes of the great personalities of the Victorian era.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL FREDERICK W. HALLOWES.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

just before the outbreak of the Crimean War, and, as Midshipman and Mate of the *Wasp*, served with the Naval Brigade throughout the Siege of Sevastopol, receiving the British and Turkish medals, the Legion of Honour, and the Fifth Class of the Medjidieh. Two years later, he was in Chinese waters, and at the action of Fatsan was in charge of a pinnacle of the *Calcutta*, later commanding the gunboat *Bustard* at the taking of Canton and the capture of the Taku Forts. He took part also in the advance on Tientsin.

In 1860 he was at the capture of the Peiho Forts and destroyed a strong fleet of piratical junks in the Bay of Wankee. Seven years later, in command of the *Argus*, he had charge of the land and sea forces in the defence of Chefoo against a force of twenty thousand rebels, and in the following year his ship formed part of the squadron in the Abyssinian Expedition. He retired as Captain in 1873, and five years after took the Japanese ironclad *Fusu* from this country to Yokohama. He was raised to flag rank in 1888. Despite his score or so of years' retirement and his extensive war-services, the gallant Admiral was only in his sixty-eighth year at the time of his death.

#### New French Fables.

Among the prominent "first-nighters" in London is Mr. Max Hecht. Mr. Hecht, some of whose *jeux d'esprit* have delighted readers of the papers, is author of a series of fables (published by Field, Pearson, and Co., Limited), written cunningly in French verse after the fashion of La Fontaine, to whom, indeed, he acknowledges some debt by describing them as "Fables de Le Puits (de Sagesse) arrière-petit-fils de La Fontaine." The fables, though nearly all dealing with the "animal world," are ingeniously up-to-date and full of quaint touches of caustic humour and rather daring puns, exhibiting necessarily a profound knowledge of the tongue of our neighbours from whom the farces come. As an example of the shorter fables, I quote—

#### LE CRITIQUE ET L'AUTEUR.

Un jeune auteur était assis  
Au Restaurant, buvant sa bière;  
Un critique était vis-à-vis,  
Sorti ce jour sans muselière;  
Le critique dit: "Holà!  
Vous ressemblez à Zola.

"Surement, on me dit  
Que vous manquez d'esprit."  
L'auteur ne souffla mot.  
Mais, prenant un gros pot,  
Lui fractura la tête:  
Pas bête!

#### MORALE:

Contre la critique,  
Cet argument est sans réplique.

#### Adelaide Ristori's Eightieth Birthday Commemoration.

The theatrical world of Rome—and, indeed, of the whole of Italy—is preparing to celebrate with great enthusiasm the occasion of Adelaide Ristori's eightieth birthday, which takes place on the 29th inst. At Cividale, in Friuli, the great actress's native village, a general holiday will be kept, whilst at many other towns complimentary performances will be given in her honour on that day. The greatest of

these performances will be that at Rome, where the Committee of Management comprises Minister Nasi, Deputy Morpurgo, and other distinguished personages, while amongst the artists who have promised their services are Eleonora Duse, Marini, Tina di Lorenzo, Novelli, Salvini, Zaccani, and Andò. At the request of Ristori herself, half the proceeds of this benefit will be devoted to the Actors' Benevolent Society of Italy.

#### Ristori's Fame.

Adelaide Ristori's fame is not confined to Italy alone. Born at Cividale in 1822, she first attracted attention by her successful rivalry of the great Rachel in Paris. She received a most enthusiastic reception in London in 1858, which was renewed on her return in June 1873. Her "farewell" appearance at Manchester in November of the same year was a most memorable one. Ristori, however, was prevailed on to pay another visit to us in 1882, and her impersonation of Lady Macbeth created a great furore. Ristori married the Marquis del Grillo, but she has always retained her maiden name in her profession. The characters she has impersonated are varied, but perhaps her most famous successes are connected with Medea, Judith, Lady Macbeth, Deborah, and Camilla.

#### Musical Items.

The Conference of Musicians at the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House threw a significant light upon some musical aspects of the time. The Lord Mayor presided, and Dr. Cummings enthusiastically maintained that the members ought not to be satisfied until every man, woman, and child in the Kingdom had become a musician. The Principal of the Guildhall School of Music is taking it for granted that the musical talent of England is universal.

Miss Margaret O'Hea, at the Hôtel Cecil, on the other hand, considered that the musical advance of the last twenty-five years had not been so great. A quarter of a century ago there were two Italian Opera Companies, well supported in London, giving fine performances. Indifference to the music-drama had led to popularity of "Coster" and "Coon" songs, while there is now but one Opera and that is open for only a few weeks in the Season. Mr. Gilbert Webb defended the music-hall songs, declaring that they had greatly advanced in musical merit.

The score of Dr. Mackenzie's "Cricket on the Hearth" is now published and, I hope, will soon have a hearing in London. Founded on the charming Christmas tale of Dickens, Dr. Mackenzie has happily kept in his music something of the original humour of the story. Dr. Goldmark simply turned the tale into a German fairy-piece, without any attempt to reproduce the comic element.



MISS ETHEL ROSS-SELWICKE, THE DAINTY DANCER IN "THE TWIN SISTERS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



## SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Death of M. Joseph.*

Very suddenly, and on the eve of opening a new restaurant in the South of France (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), Joseph passed away. He was well known to every extravagant gourmand, but had only slight patronage from the real gourmet. The prices he charged were terrible, and, all said and done, for very little. That celebrated crushed duck



M. JOSEPH, THE NOTED CHEF, WHO RECENTLY DIED IN PARIS.

Photo by Carjat, Paris.

which made him famous was not his own creation, and, curiously enough, has been popular with the poorer peasantry on fête-days for centuries in Normandy and also in the Midi. When Marguéry, Champaud, and Prunier saw that modern ideas did not associate with reckless expenditure, they brought their bill-of-fare to moderate prices and excellent service. Joseph could never grasp the fact that times had changed, and he drove away his Royal customers, such as our present King and Queen, by vulgarly announcing, on the evening after their visit, that the identical dinner would be served, but only in private rooms. He was once hard hit by Gordon Bennett. Having dined at Joseph's, Bennett pocketed the menu, which represented a minimum expenditure of £5 a head, without wine, *café*, or liqueurs. He got hold of the recipes and then sent out one of his staff with a strong digestion. Day by day the cost of this identical dinner taken elsewhere was published, and finally, in a small *marchand de vin* outside the Gare du Nord, the price had come down from 200 francs to 4 francs 50 centimes. The last of the old-fashioned *maitres d'hôtel* passes with Joseph, and I am afraid that they pass unregretted. Their contempt for anyone who ordered his own dinner and selected his own wine was unpleasant, and Joseph was the most caustic in his remarks. He died very rich, and just on £100,000 stands to his credit in the bank.

*The Divided House.*

It would be useless, after the annual meeting of the Sociétaires of the Comédie-Française, to suggest anything but a clear sweep of one party or the other. Those who believe in Claretie, and they are numerous, passed out of the house and refused to acknowledge the army led by Mounet-Sully and Coquelin. How in the name of goodness can a theatre be run when half of the Company will not speak to one another in private, and simply talk at each other on the stage? The careless utterances of Madame Baffretta Worms, who is retiring in disgust, show exactly what is passing behind the scenes. She protests that Claretie has allowed her to reappear only in old creations; and Claretie, who has much of the rough-and-ready manner of Antoine, has simply replied, "And what about all the young and talented actresses who were kept off and not put on the stage under the old régime?"

*A Dangerous Joke.*

M. Pierre Veher wrote a play, called "Le Puits d'Amour," which was put on at Cluny, and, in order to make a clean job of it, he criticised it himself and said that it was bad. Léon Marx, the Manager, did not accept this pleasantry quietly, but ordered the play off forthwith, and revived the ever-popular version of "Charley's Aunt," which has now passed its five hundredth night in Paris. Veher has, by the way, succeeded in finding the money to establish a permanent French Theatre in New York, which will be run by Frohman and stage-managed and directed by Constant Coquelin. I may add that I have good reason for believing that a similar theatre in London—all the year round—is contemplated.

*The Wagner Triumph.*

Ten years ago, when Wagner was first mounted at the Paris Opera, the police were out and the sand was thrown down for cavalry charges. The idea of German Opera at the National House made every Frenchman brush his hair backwards. And to-day "Siegfried" was regarded not as the event of the season, but the event of the year. The fauteuils for the Press rehearsal were selling at three hundred francs, and for the *première* the box-offices were charging anything up to a thousand francs for a twenty-five-franc place. It was probably the highest-priced audience that ever assembled. It was a *coup d'œil* for a lifetime. Jean de Reszke, whose cold was suddenly cured when Gailhard decided to hand over his rôle to his understudy, was in magnificent voice, and Bessie Abbott, though nervous, was charming.

*Exit the "Forty."*

That is the unkindest cut of all. The famous Academy, consecrated by hundreds of years almost to reverence, and the home of the Forty Immortals, is to be swept out of existence for such utilitarian excuses as a street-extension and a new tramway-line. The destruction of this famous monument is distinctly to be deplored.

*The "Figaro" Muddle.*

I dined with one of the best-known members of the famous *Figaro* staff (adds my Paris Correspondent) and one who has very reasonably thought it prudent to lie low during the troubles of the last six months. The verdict of the Courts expelling de Rodays and de Perivier from the direction of the paper will, in his opinion, lead to the amalgamation with a popular morning journal. Which is exactly what I suggested months ago.

## THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.

Lady Lonsdale is a true daughter of the famous House of Gordon, and she is as keenly interested in sport and every form of outdoor amusement as is her brilliant and popular brother, Lord Huntly. As mistress of



THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE, AN ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER OF HORSES.

Photo by Leaffer, Old Bond Street, W.

Lowther Castle and Barley Thorpe, Lady Lonsdale is able to indulge her love of horses, and when she and Lord Lonsdale are residing at their world-famous Westmorland seat, scarcely a day goes by without a visit to the wonderful stables.





## MY IDEAL PANTOMIME—AND HOW IT WAS REALISED.

A FEW evenings ago, my dear Dollie, after sitting through the latest thing in Christmas entertainments at a certain suburban theatre, I went home full of a great resolve to write a pantomime of my own. The mistakes and shortcomings in the one I had just witnessed were so apparent to me that I felt quite convinced of my ability to knock out something very much better in a remarkably short space of time.

Sitting down at my table, then, with my collar off, my waistcoat unbuttoned, and my trousers turned up, I began to think. Firstly, it was necessary to choose a dramatic fairy-tale, for I was determined, above all things, to have a coherent story, and to tell it "succinctly and well." A rooted objection on my part to the stage animal at once put "Dick Whittington," "Puss in Boots," and "Beauty and the Beast" out of the question. "Aladdin," I found, was already rubbing his lamp at several theatres; "Cinderella" had, in my opinion, been burnt to death; the thought of the "Sleeping Beauty" at once caused me to nod my head in very weariness. I was, therefore, compelled to decide between "Little Red Riding Hood" and "The Babes in the Wood."

Now, these stories are admirably adapted to the requirements of the ideal pantomime. They are pretty, moral, and dramatic. For some time I hesitated between them, but then it occurred to me that there was just a suggestion of burlesque in the scene where the wolf gobbles up Little Red Riding Hood, and so I fell back upon the "Babes."

My scenario was admirable. The story, I found, divided itself naturally into three parts, as under—

PART I.—A Foul Plot.

PART II.—Left to Die.

PART III.—The Robins.

These three parts I subdivided as follows—

PART I.—*The Uncle in his Study—Entrance of the Babes—The Avuncular Judas Kisses them "Good-Night!"—Hiring of the Robbers—The Uncle's Nightmare.*

PART II.—*A Walk in the Wood—Innocent Prattle of the Babes—A Lonely Spot—The Fight of the Robbers—Left to Die.*

PART III.—*The Children's Prayer—A Bed without Blankets—Pity of the Robins—A Leafy Counterpane—The Coming of Night.*

The whole to conclude with a grand spectacular finale entitled

### THE DREAM OF THE BABES.

I was so pleased with myself when I had completed my scenario that I thought I would take ten minutes' rest, together with a pipe and a whisky-and-soda. I therefore wheeled my arm-chair in front of the fire and settled down comfortably to think the whole thing out. The hour, of course, was late, for I had not started work until midnight, and so you will not be surprised to hear, my dear Dollie, that I fell asleep.

I say I slept, and, sleeping, I dreamed that my pantomime was finished and accepted, and that I was in attendance at the theatre on the occasion of the first full rehearsal. When the curtain went up on my dream, the stage was in the possession of three of the weirdest-looking men that were ever born of an ill-digested mince-pie. One of them, whom I afterwards discovered to be the Wicked Uncle, was seated on the right of the stage, warming his toes at an imaginary fire. The other two, the handsomer of whom was as tall and thin as the other was short and stout, were standing, hand-in-hand, in the centre of the stage, giving off my beautiful lines at express speed and in voices reduced to a chronic state of huskiness by the combined effects of dust and whisky. These, I grimly realised, were the Babes.

The scene went on. The avuncular Judas, assisted by a smacking contrivance worked "off," delivered his Judas-like kiss and packed the Babes off to bed. Entered to him, then, two stalwart young women in bodices and "bloomers," who proceeded to state, in an ill-written duet arranged to go with a music-hall song about whelks, that they were the—

Only original Kings of Crime,  
Who'd been in "chokey" many a time,  
And didn't care what and didn't care who  
They did so long as they'd someone to do.

At the conclusion of this atrocity, they broke into an up-to-date variation of the "cellar-flap," in which they were joined by the Wicked Uncle, who carefully removed a re-renovated top-hat and a mange-soiled fur-coat before getting to work.

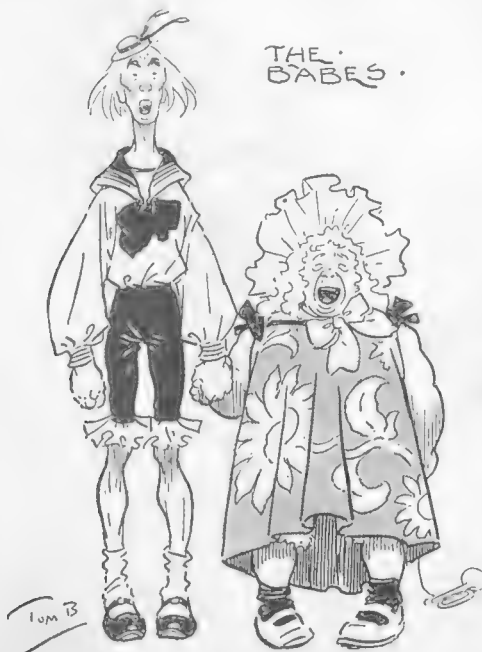
The Wicked Uncle's nightmare, I was pleased to hear, had not been called for rehearsal, and we therefore went straight on to Part II. This opened in "A Forest Glade." The forest glade consisted of a crumbling and ragged cloth lowered so near to the footlights that the Babes and the Robbers were obliged to enter in single file, and were



even then squeezed so tightly against the trees that they shook them from their very roots. I had, of course, anticipated that, for I knew it was necessary to include a certain number of "carpenter's scenes." A stage-carpenter, you know, would never be content to remain in a theatre unless he was allowed to walk about in heavy boots during the comedians' scenes and assist these gentlemen in their witticisms by prodding them in the back through the scene-cloth. But, although I realised the necessity for the carpenter's scene, I was not prepared to find the Babes accompanied by a clumsy fool in a shaggy skin who wagged a trick-tail and persuaded himself that he would be mistaken for Trusty Fido. It was too cruel, for, as you know, I had been particularly anxious to avoid any excuse for the inclusion of an animal-artiste. With tears in my eyes, I hurried across to the manager and implored him to cut the creature out. His answer was that, before the delivery of my scrip, he had engaged the gentleman for six weeks certain, and that, if I thought myself an asterisked Shakspeare, I had better not try to write an asterisked pantomime. When I looked at the stage again, the dog was dancing on his hind-legs and giving a paw to each of the Babes.

I will not weary you, dear Dollie, with a further description of these horrible visions. You can imagine for yourself how the Babes nestled into their sylvan bed with requests to "tike yer cold feet orf me!" You will be able to appreciate my agonised state of mind when I learnt that the Dream of the Babes was to be a procession of candy-sticks, lumps of butter-scotch, and the like, and that the Robins were to come on in tights.

At last, bathed in perspiration, I awoke. The clock was striking four and the sinking lamp just served to show up the slips of paper on which was written the rough outline of my scenario. Feverishly I took them up, tore them into small pieces, and flung the fragments into the dying fire. For a moment there was a flicker, a flare, and then all was dim and cold again. With a joyous heart, I clicked out the lamp and went to bed, a tired but thankful man.







MDLLE. MARGOTINE AS SHE APPEARED IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



## MRS. KENDAL

SKETCHED BY MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE.

TWO things are particularly interesting about this great actress—her keen sense of humour and her love of soap. She is always merry and cheerful, has endless jokes to tell, has a quick appreciation of the ridiculous, and can be just as amusing off the stage as she is on it.

Her love of soap-and-water is apparent in all her surroundings; she is always most carefully groomed; there is nothing whatever artificial



THE KENDALS' FILEY HOME.

about her—anything of that sort which is necessary upon the boards is left behind at the theatre. That is one of her greatest charms. She uses no "make-up," and, consequently, she looks much younger off the stage than she does upon it.

Mrs. Kendal has led a marvellously interesting life. She was born nigh fifty years ago, and her grandfather, father, uncles, &c., were all intimately connected with the stage as actors and playwrights. When quite a child she began her theatrical career, although she did not make her début in London until 1865, when she appeared as Ophelia under her maiden name of Madge Robertson, Walter Montgomery playing the part of Hamlet. Little Madge was only three years old when she first trod the boards. She was to portray a blind child, but when she espied her nurse in the distance, she rushed towards her, exclaiming, "Oh, Nannie, look at my beautiful new shoes!"

Her bringing-up was most rigid; she never went to school, and a governess and her father were her teachers. Every morning that father took her for a walk, explaining all sorts of things as they went along, or teaching her baby lips to repeat Shelley's "Ode to a Foxglove." On their return home, he would read Shakspeare with her, so that she knew Shakspeare before she learnt nursery rhymes.

"I was grown up at ten," exclaimed Mrs. Kendal, "and first began to grow young at forty."

When she was about fourteen, she was living with her parents in South Crescent, off Tottenham Court Road. One Sunday—a dreary, heavy, dull, rainy London day—her father and mother had been talking to one another for hours, and she wearily went to the window to look out, the mere fact of watching a passer-by seeming at the moment to afford relaxation. Tears rolled down the girl's cheeks—she was longing for younger companionship, she was leaving the dolls of childhood behind and learning to be a woman. Her father noticed that she was crying, and exclaimed in surprise, "Why, Daisy, what's the matter?"

"I feel dull," she said.

"Dull, dear—dull with your mother and me?"

A pathetic little story, surely: the old couple were so wrapped up in each other, so happy in themselves, that they never realised that sometimes the younger generation might feel a wee bit lonely.

Early struggles, hopes and fears, poverty and luxury, followed in quick succession in this remarkable woman's life, but anyone who knows her must realise that it was her indomitable will and pluck, coupled, of course, with good health and exceptional talent, which have brought her to the prominent position she holds to-day. If Mrs. Kendal makes up her mind to do a thing, by hook or crook that object is accomplished. She has great powers of organisation, and a wonderful capacity for choosing the right people to help her; "never say die" is apparently her watch-word.

She was originally intended for a singer, and songs were introduced into her parts in such plays as "The Palace of Truth." Unfortunately, she contracted diphtheria, which in those days was not controlled and arrested by antitoxin as it is now, and her tonsils were cut. All this tended to weaken her voice, which gradually left her. Consequently she gave up singing, or rather, singing gave her up, and she became a "play-actress." She so thoroughly realises the disappointments and struggles of her profession that one of Mrs. Kendal's pet hobbies is the evil arising from the wish of inexperienced girls to "go upon the stage."

"If only the stage-struck young woman could realise all that an actress's life means!" she said to me on one occasion. "To begin with,

she is lucky if she gets a chance of 'walking on' at a pound a-week. She has to attend rehearsals as numerous and as lengthy as the leading lady, who may be drawing £40 or £50 a-week; though, mark you, there are very few leading ladies, while there are thousands and thousands of walkers-on who will never be anything else. This ill-paid girl has not the interest of a big part, which is stimulating the 'star' to work; she has only the dreariness of it all. Unless she is in a ballet, chorus, or pantomime, the girl has to find herself in shoes, stockings, and petticoats for the stage, and these are no light matter out of twenty shillings a-week. Of course, in a character-part the entire costume is found. That girl has to board, lodge, dress herself, pay for her washing, and get backwards and forwards to the theatre in all weathers and at all hours on one pound a-week. Thousands of women are starving in the attempt. That girl has to dress at the theatre in the same room with others, she is thrown intimately amongst all sorts of women, and the result is not always desirable. For instance, some years ago, a girl was playing with us, and, mentioning another member of the Company, she remarked, 'She has real lace on her under-linen.' I said nothing, but sent for that personage and had a little private talk with her, telling her that things must be different or she must go. I tried to show her the advantages of the straight path, but she preferred the other, and has been lost in the sea of ultimate despair.

"Remember," continued Mrs. Kendal, "patience, courage, and talent may bring one to the winning-post, but few ever reach that line; by far the greater majority fall out soon after the start—they find the pay inadequate, the hours too long; the back of a stage proves to be no fairy-palace, only a dark, dreary, dusty, bustling place; and, disheartened, they wisely turn aside. Many of them drift, drift aimlessly into stupid marriages where discontent follows in their wake.

"The theatrical profession is not to blame—it is this terrible overcrowding. There are numbers of excellent men and women upon the stage who know that there is nothing so gross but what a good man or woman can elevate it, nothing so lofty that vice cannot cause to totter.

"I entirely disapprove of a dress-rehearsal," remarked Mrs. Kendal. "It exhausts the actors and takes off the excitement and bloom. One must have one's real public, and play for them and to them, and not to empty benches. We rehearse in sections. Everyone in turn acts in costume, so that we know each individual get-up and make-up is right; but we never dress all the characters of the play until the night of production."

Mrs. Kendal is very severe on the subject of overdressing a part.

"Feathers and diamonds," she said, "are not worn upon the river. Why, then, smother a woman with them when she is playing a boating scene? The dress should be entirely subservient to the character. If one is supposed to be old and dowdy, one should be old and dowdy. I believe in clothing the character in character, and not striving after effect. Overdressing is as bad as over-elaboration of stage-setting: it dwarfs the acting and handicaps the performers."

Mrs. Kendal is surrounded by many old friends. Mrs. Tapping (Miss Florence Cowell), who has been in her husband's Company for the last twelve years, and who often played with the Kendals before then, met Madge Robertson originally at the age of fifteen, when the latter was leading lady at Hull. Kate Bishop and Mrs. Kendal acted together as children, and the former has now returned to the Kendals' Company for the third time.

Last year, I spent some time in the United States, where the popularity of the Kendals was noticeable on all sides. In speaking of the theatrical folk in London, people invariably inquired if I knew the Kendals. "She is such a marvellous actress," they said; and it must be remembered that this remarkable couple spent something like five years touring the States, where he learnt to love turkey, and she to feel that life was rendered happier by stewed oysters! It was during those long and tedious journeys in Pullman-cars that Mrs. Kendal organised her "Unselfish Club." It was an excellent idea for keeping everyone in a good temper. At one end of the car the women used to meet to mend

MRS. KENDAL'S FAVOURITE WALK AT FILEY.  
From Photographs by Fisher and Sons, Filey.



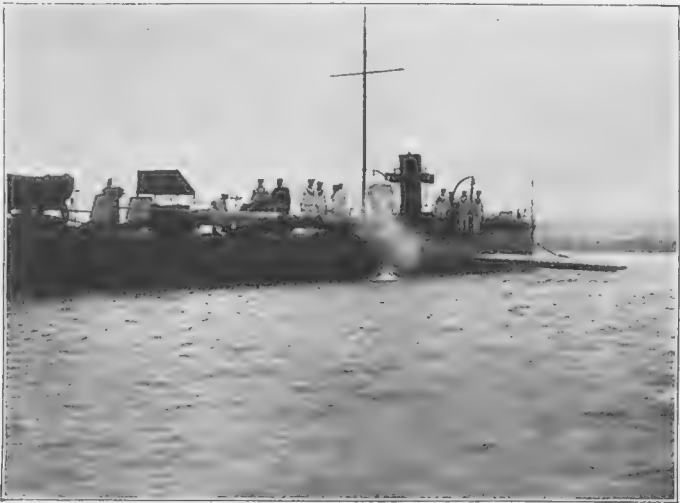
**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

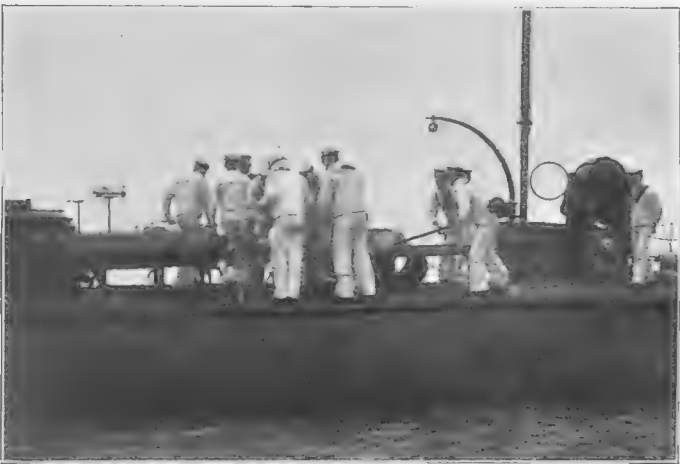


thirty knots an hour. Until quite recent years, the torpedo was very erratic in its ways. Sometimes it would travel straight to the point aimed at, sometimes it would not. This difficulty has been got over by an ingenious contrivance called a "gyroscope," which enables the torpedo to be directed at a target with the certainty of hitting it. Destroyers and small ships carry their torpedo-tubes above-water. But in our war-vessels of larger type the above-water tube is being abolished, in consequence of the danger there would be in action of the torpedo being exploded by an enemy's shot before it had left the tube. That would mean a big disaster to the ship and much loss of life to the crew.

the submerged tube could not be used when the ship was moving without risk of deflecting the torpedo from its course. Despite its great destructive powers, the value of the torpedo in warfare has yet to be ascertained. The only time that a British warship ever tried to torpedo another vessel was when H.M.S. *Shah* attacked the Peruvian turret-ship *Huascar*. The attempt was a failure, but the art of manipulating torpedoes has improved immensely since the 'seventies. Evidently the British Naval authorities believe in the prowess of the weapon, for some of the smartest of our officers and bluejackets are specially trained in torpedo-work, and given extra pay for attaining

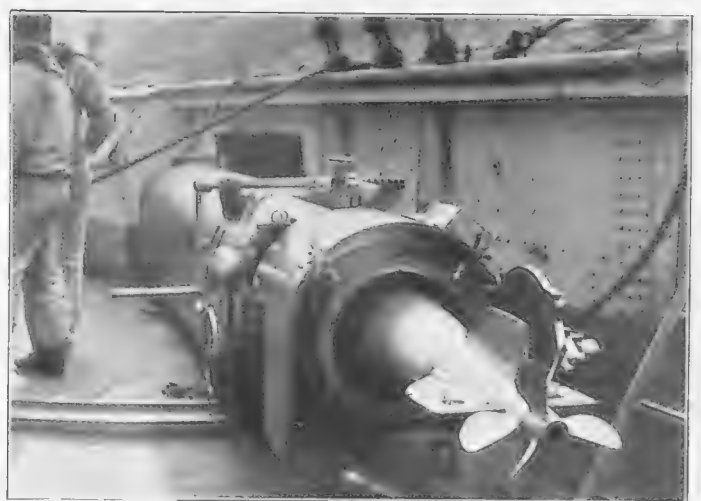


WHITEHEAD TORPEDOES LEAVING THE TUBES.



PUTTING TORPEDO IN TUBE TO BE FIRED.

RECOVERY OF A FIRED TORPEDO.



CLEANING UP A TORPEDO.

A TORPEDO-TUBE, SHOWING HOW A TORPEDO IS PROTECTED.

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

Battleships and big cruisers are all fitted with submerged tubes. These are situated right in the vessel's bottom, below the protective deck, and are fired electrically by pressing a button in the conning-tower far up on the deck above. In everything pertaining to the use of torpedoes the greatest skill and ingenuity are brought to bear. Submerged tubes afford an example of this. Not a drop of water escapes through them into the ship, and, in order to carry the torpedo clear of the "wash" created by the vessel in moving through the water, the weapon is made to slide for some distance along a strong steel bar. This latter is the invention of Rear-Admiral W. H. May, Controller of the Navy. But for this bar

proficiency therein. Of the older forms of torpedo, the outrigger is the most familiar. This is a charge of gun-cotton fixed at the end of a pole, the idea being to approach a ship in the dark, push the torpedo beneath her hull, and then fire it. This kind of thing was done upon occasion during the American Civil War, and the outrigger is still used in our Navy. But there would be small chance of stealing unobserved up to a hostile ship now that the use of electric search-lights has become general. Other torpedoes are in the shape of mines, but, strictly speaking, the term "torpedo" is popularly applied only to that class of weapon whose use is illustrated by the accompanying photographs. J. J. BENNETT.

## TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword.—SHAKESPEARE.

OF the nine great feudal houses which survived the bloody strife of the Wars of the Roses, only three are now in existence in the main line, and among these three the name of Talbot de Malahide stands pre-eminent. Malahide, which means "on the brow of the sea," is a sleepy village nine miles north of Dublin, encircled by a



MALAHIDE CASTLE, RESIDENCE OF LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

Photo by Blanche O'Connor.

delightful velvet strand and a fringe of wind-blown, sandy downs, which makes it the favourite haunt of the city golfer.

In the year 1172, Richard Talbot, son of Lord Talbot of Eccleswell and Linton, crossed the Irish Channel in the suite of Henry II., with the substantial blessing of that advanced patriot and Imperialist, Pope Adrian IV. This Richard, who is mentioned in Domesday Book, obtained from Plantagenet, for the services of his sword, the Lordship of Malahide as a fief of the Crown, and from Edward IV. the Admiralship of the adjoining seas, a privilege which the family hold to the present day.

Richard's only brother, Gilbert, inherited Eccleswell, in Herefordshire, and is the ancestor of the first Earl of Shrewsbury, created in 1442. Thus the cradle of the Irish Talbots is three hundred years older than that of their cousins of Alton Towers, and I have little hesitation in asserting that the Talbots of Malahide are the only family in the United Kingdom—or, for the matter of that, in the Continent of Europe—who have retained their ancestral estates for seven hundred years, preserving the same blood and lineage in the direct male issue.

The Castle of Malahide, shown in the illustration, is close to the village, built on a small eminence which commands a view of the bay. The grounds are nobly wooded, many of the magnificent oaks, chestnuts, and sycamores dating to the days of the Tudors. The hall of the Castle is one of the purest specimens of Norman architecture in the Kingdom, but it is not known whether it dates from the reign of Henry II. or from that of Edward IV., when the original building was considerably enlarged and embellished. The Oak Room is a striking antique; it is lined with carved oak from floor to ceiling, representing scriptural subjects, now black with age and polishing.

Over the mantelpiece is a particularly fine representation of the Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, which, according to general tradition, miraculously disappeared when Cromwell seized the Castle and handed it over to the regicide, Myles Corbet, and as miraculously sprang back to its place seven years later, when, at the Restoration, the usurper had to fly for his life and the rightful owner was reinstated.

Many works of art came into the Talbot family through their alliance with the Wogans of Rathcoffey, descended from Sir John Wogan,



THE DINING-HALL, MALAHIDE CASTLE.

Photo by P. J. Lambert.

Chief Governor of Ireland in 1295 and 1310. In the middle of the eighteenth century, John Talbot de Malahide married Frances, daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Nicholas Wogan of Rathcoffey, her sister Judith marrying Thomas Browne of Castle Browne, Co. Kildare.

Castle Browne is now a flourishing Jesuit College, and Rathcoffey House a stately ruin on an adjoining hill. The present Irish representatives of this historic family are therefore Richard Wogan Talbot, the present Baron of Malahide, and Colonel Wogan-Browne, who, in command of the 3rd Hussars, recently embarked from Bombay for South Africa.

Close to the Castle, sentinelled by two giant mediæval sycamores, are the ruins of its ancient chapel and burying-ground, which contain Gothic windows of rare beauty and many interesting monuments, conspicuous among which is the sixteenth-century tomb of Maud Talbot of Malahide, immortalised in Irish minstrelsy—

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,  
The fresh wind is sighing along the sea-side;  
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers  
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Before the high altar young Maud stands array'd,  
With accents that falter her promise is made—  
From father and mother for ever to part,  
For him and no other to treasure her heart.



GRAVE OF MAUD TALBOT, THE HEROINE OF GERALD GRIFFIN'S POEM.

Photo by Blanche O'Connor.

Then in the midst of the bridal feast comes the cry that the foe is on the border—a gathering of the dispossessed and still unconquered chiefs of feudal Ireland, those magnificent barbarians "and very great scorners of death" whom "in blood and flame and horror of great darkness" it took the stalwart invader three hundred years to quell.

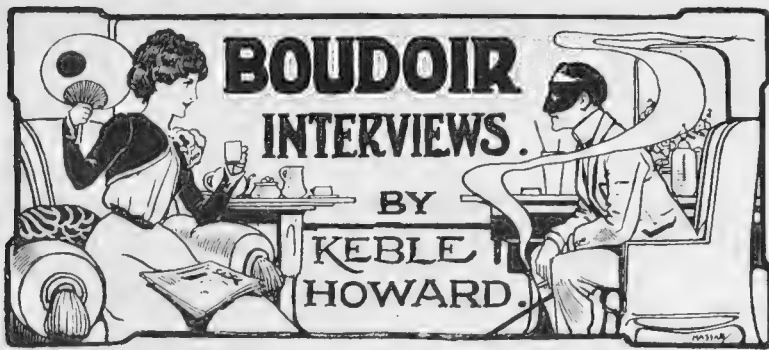
Malahide trembled, for it was Norman to the core, and the Talbots, unlike other settlers who had become "more Irish than the Irish," had remained faithful servants to the Crown. There is a rush to arms, and, with rattling shields and shining spears, the clansmen and wedding-guests, led by the gallant bridegroom, ride off to save the town.

Towards evening news of a great victory reaches the Castle. Maud, wild with joy, goes forth to welcome her lover, and, meeting him by the hillside carried on his shield, broken-hearted, she

Sinks on the meadow, in one morning-tide  
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride.

The present Lord Talbot was born in 1846, joined the 9th Lancers in 1865, married in 1873 Emily Harriett, daughter of Sir James Boswell. This lady died in 1898, leaving one son, the Hon. James Boswell, born on May 18, 1874. On Dec. 10, 1901, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Lord Talbot was married secondly to Isabel Charlotte, widow of the late John Gurney, of Sprowton Hall, Norwich, and daughter of the late Robert Blake Humfrey, of Wroxham House, Norwich. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Blake Humfrey, Rector of Dunham, Mayne, Norfolk (brother of the bride), assisted by the Rev. D. A. Smeeth.





### V.—MISS LILY BRAYTON ON THE GRAVITY OF LIFE.

"At any rate," I urged, gently stirring the cream into my tea and making a mental note of the exact position of the largest piece of cake, "at any rate, you must admit that you are beautiful."

"Well," said the lady, "I don't know."

"Then," I cried, fully aware of the fact that the complete interviewer should say at least fifty words to his victim's one, "I shall prove it to you! Let me—or rather, let us—take your features, one by one."

"Do have some more bread-and-butter," urged Miss Brayton.

"Thank you, a little cake. Your nose," I continued, selecting with deft nonchalance the generous portion aforementioned, "your nose is like a dream of snow-capped hills in summer-time. Your eyes—"

"You've spilt your tea!" exclaimed my hostess, unconsciously quoting the line made famous by the little difference between Mr. Grundy and Mrs. Clifford.

"How careless of me!" I replied, sticking to the probable text of either. "But to continue. Your eyes are like twin lakes—er—Hasn't somebody else said that?"

"Probably," said Miss Brayton. "Let me take your cup, and then, perhaps, you'll be serious."

"But why should I be serious? Gravity is a luxury befitting the worried rich; it would surely be a presumption in me were I to put on the furrowed thoughtfulness of the millionaire or assume the abstracted intentness of the plutocratic actor-manager. Now it's your turn."

"But you talk so beautifully!" flattered the lady.

"Admitted, admitted! However, this is your interview, after all, and so, if you don't mind telling me how it feels to be a celebrity and all that sort of thing, I shall be awfully obliged."

"Well," said Miss Brayton, letting herself go, "the thing that strikes me most about success in the abstract is the sadness of it all."

"Ah!" (I didn't really say that, but it makes the conversation seem so much more natural.)

"You see, I am, by nature, a very serious person. Even as a child, there appeared to me to be a certain pathos in a skipping-rope, and I used to weep for hours over the unwritten tragedies in the lives of my dolls."

"You had brothers, I presume. Pray proceed."

"Success as an actress came to me, you may remember, very

suddenly. It was as Viola in Mr. Tree's beautiful revival of 'Twelfth Night' that I first became known to London playgoers."

"I remember it vividly. You divided the honours of the first-night performance with Mr. Tree and Mr. Courtice Pounds. I imagined you to be in the uttermost heaven of delight."

"Ye—es. I think I was pleased," said the lady, doubtfully. Just fancy!

"Don't think me ungrateful," she continued. "The papers and the audiences were very kind to me, but, at the back of it all, there was the horrible dread of not being able to keep it up. In 'The Last of the Dandies' I had a very poor part."

"You did. But you have great opportunities, they tell me, in 'The Twin Sister,' at the Duke of York's."\*

"Almost too great. That is to say, I have to double myself, the consequence being that I am on the stage nearly all the time."

"Delightful—from my point of view in the stalls. But you don't mean to tell me that you funk it?"

"No, not quite that. I think I can play the part or I should not have undertaken it. But there is such a terrible lot to learn, and it would be so dreadful to fail. The dread of failure actually keeps me awake at nights."

"Beastly," said I, yawning sympathetically.

"I hope I'm not boring you," said Miss Brayton.

"Good Heavens, no! But, before I forget it, I ought also to congratulate you on the success that your husband has made in 'Iris.'" (Pardon me, non-inquisitive playgoer, if I mention here that, in private life, Miss Lily Brayton is Mrs. Osear Asche.)

"Thank you. We both had a good deal of experience, you know, with Mr. Benson."

"I know. And, apropos of that experience, I want you to emulate Mrs. Kendal—"

The lady sighed, longingly.

"—In giving some useful advice to young actresses."

"But I'm only a young actress myself."

"True. At the same time, it's of no use to deny the fact that you've arrived, and are, therefore, in a position to extend a helping hand to others."

"Won't it seem a little bit—priggish?"

"Not a bit! Don't waste time, please."

"Oh well, then, I should advise any girl who has made up her mind to be an actress to change it."

"Don't be trite. You know perfectly well she won't change it."

"Then I would suggest to her that she should manage to get into a good Stock Company, such as Mr. Benson's, and play as many parts as she can get hold of, and play them as well as she possibly can. She will very soon discover whether the stage is her true vocation or otherwise."

"Or, if she doesn't, her kind-hearted and far-seeing manager will."

"Exactly. For my own part, I loved playing a repertoire of parts, and I loved provincial audiences. At the same time, it is always acknowledged that touring takes it out of one tremendously."

"But now you are reaping the rewards of hard work. Eventually, of course, you and your husband will go into management together and live happily ever after. Isn't that a beautiful picture for you?"

"Very, if it is ever realised. But so many things may happen."

"They may," said I, "or they may not. I prefer to look on the bright side of life; and, apropos of that, I should like to see your new photos."

\* Miss Brayton has since scored a great success in "The Twin Sister."



MISS LILY BRAYTON IN HER BOUDOIR.

"THE THING THAT STRIKES ME MOST ABOUT SUCCESS IN THE ABSTRACT IS THE SADNESS OF IT ALL"

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

## SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "BLUE BEARD" AT DRURY LANE.

*From Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.*

MISS JULIA FRANKS AS FATIMA.



MISS ELAINE RAVENSBERG AS SELIM.



MR. DAN LENO AS SISTER ANNE.



MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AS BLUE BEARD.





A STUDY OF MISS GRACE PALOTTA,  
THE WELL-KNOWN GAIETY FAVOURITE, WHO IS AT PRESENT, "STARRING" IN AUSTRALIA.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

## THE HOMES OF GREAT ENGLISH STATESMEN.

WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT Highbury.



THE HALL, Highbury.



ONE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ORCHID-HOUSES AT Highbury.

(See Page 453.)

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.



THE HOMES OF GREAT ENGLISH STATESMEN.

HATFIELD HOUSE, LORD SALISBURY'S ANCESTRAL RESIDENCE.



THE SOUTH FRONT.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S DINING-ROOM.

(See Page 453.)

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. N. KING, LONDON.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN,  
VERY CHARMING AS BLANCHE IN THE REVIVAL OF "LIBERTY HALL," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.





## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

### DR. CONAN DOYLE'S "THE GREAT BOER WAR."

A NEW edition, which forms the fifteenth impression, of Dr. Conan Doyle's history of the War in South Africa has recently been issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. "The Great Boer War" has now been expanded by the addition of seven lengthy chapters into a two years' record, the story of the struggle being brought down to last October. The new parts of the book are characterised by the

same vigour, the same sincerity, the same manly fairness which were seen in the old. No one can read anything of Doyle's without being struck with the robust quality of the man. Physically he impresses you as a strong man—keen-eyed, big-chested, large-hearted, high-spirited, buoyant, full of vitality and force, and his writings body forth the man. As an author, he is singularly free from affectations and vanities and tricks of "style." Yet he excels in vivid and picturesque narration; his books are full of "go," like himself. "The Great Boer War" carries you along with a swing. To say that it is as exciting as a novel is to fall below the truth. It is a long book (not far from seven hundred pages), and it is a "packed" book, but it is never dull, never heavy; best of all, it is honest and just. Of how many novels can such things be said? The great sale the book has enjoyed witnesses to its popularity, and I have no doubt it will remain the most popular chronicle of the War.

In the earlier editions, Dr. Doyle remarked that it was possible a fuller knowledge might give an entirely different meaning to some of the events of the Boer War, but there does not seem to me to be much change in this last edition. I take it, therefore, that Dr. Doyle found his impressions, in the main at all events, correct. The former book was begun in England and continued on board a steamer, but the greater part of it was written in a hospital-tent in the intervals of duty during the enteric epidemic in Bloemfontein. At that time, the only documents he had to consult were the convalescent officers and men who were under his care and that of the other members of the medical staff. But—also during that period—he had the inestimable advantage of visiting the actual scene of the drama, of meeting many of the chief actors in it, and of seeing with his own eyes something of the operations in the field.

The later chapters (which bring the chronicle of the War up to within a few weeks of the present time) have been compiled from published accounts of what has taken place, as well as from a great mass of correspondence with those who had some share in the particular events recorded by Dr. Doyle. The fine introductory chapter, entitled "The Boer Nations"—which is in its way a model of concise and sympathetic description—remains unaltered. In this the historian pronounces the Boers "one of the most rugged, virile, unconquerable races ever seen upon earth." And so, in very truth, have we found them—to our exceeding great cost. Our newspapers but too plainly endorse this estimate of their qualities from day to day.

Several weeks have passed since Dr. Conan Doyle concluded this edition of his book, and it occurred to me that readers of *The Sketch* would be interested in hearing his views on the present phase of the War, and also on the future settlement. He has been good enough

to tell me what he thinks. In the penultimate paragraph of "The Great Boer War" he wrote: "So often have we been deceived that it is a hardy prophet who will continue his rôle, and yet it has become as certain as the future can ever be that, without some foreign complication and without some general rising in the Cape, a very few months must see the end of the drama." There has been a good deal of prophesying about the War which has been vain, and Conan Doyle does not wish to pose as a prophet—though he did foretell Botha's last great assault. He believes, however, that the final "round-up" of the fighting Boers cannot be far away and that they cannot much longer continue a struggle which they know very well can end only in one way. One by one the commandoes will be eaten up, until even the last desperate "irreconcilables" will be compelled to accept the inevitable.

Then comes the question of the settlement which must be made—a satisfactory, an enduring settlement. Dr. Doyle's solution of the problem is as follows: After the War is over and the Boers have no illusion as to the thoroughness and completeness of their defeat, he would advocate a policy of magnanimity on the part of the Empire. He would offer them as a Boer reservation the two northern districts of the Transvaal, where they would be guaranteed, as the Basutos are guaranteed, against the miner and the prospector, and he would permit them, safe from all intrusion from any quarter, British or otherwise, there to live out their lives according to their own ideas, in their own simple, pastoral, primitive fashion. The two northern districts to which he refers are known as the Waterberg and the Zoutpansberg, and lie between the Limpopo and the Olifant Rivers. The capital of this area is Pietersburg, and the country is surrounded by British territory except on one side—that which adjoins the Portuguese.

I reminded Dr. Doyle that most people in this country have been made pretty sick of a

#### "POLICY OF MAGNANIMITY" TOWARDS THE BOERS

His answer was that a former policy of magnanimity had been construed by them as a confession of our weakness; we were "magnanimous" because we had been worsted in the fight; "magnanimity" was the salve with which we anointed the wounds to our pride—so thought the Boers. But now the case was entirely different. It was the Boers who were now in the position of the defeated. "Only after they thoroughly recognise the fact that they have been defeated, hopelessly defeated, would I suggest that a magnanimous policy be followed," said Dr. Doyle. "Then there is the further point. We have thousands upon thousands of Boer prisoners, who have been in the field against us, upon our hands. When peace has been declared, what are we to do with them? My suggestion is that we should say to these men: 'Those of you who will live loyally in British South Africa, those of you who will be true and faithful subjects of the Empire, will come and settle on your own farms, and let bygones be bygones; those of you who will not do this—then there is this place, this Boer reservation set aside for you. We give you, we guarantee to you, its possession.' When I asked if such a place would not likely become a focus and hot-bed of Boer revolt, he replied, "No, because it would be but an insignificant country, cut off, as it were, from the world, and because we could command all avenues by which arms could be imported."

Dr. Doyle has been busily engaged for some time past in writing a brochure—it is to be issued almost immediately in a sixpenny pamphlet—

#### IN DEFENCE OF THE ACTION OF THE ARMY

in South Africa. This is to be an investigation into the charges brought against our soldiers of "methods of barbarism" which have been so rife in the foreign Press and not wholly absent from our own. Needless to say, Dr. Doyle exonerates our Army, on the whole, from these atrocious charges; never has a war been waged with more humanity than this. At the same time, he says that undoubtedly farms were destroyed contrary to the recognised rules of the game of warfare as understood by civilised belligerents, and that compensation must be made to the people who have suffered in this way. He thinks that the sum which would be required to compensate them would not, comparatively speaking, be a large one; probably £100,000 would cover it. But it would be a great act of justice.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



DR. CONAN DOYLE IN THE UNIFORM HE WORE AT "THE FRONT."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL CARICATURES BY TOM BROWNE.







DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN AT COVENT GARDEN.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "AMANTIUM IRÆ"



N a pretty drawing-room in Kensington, with her feet upon the fender, an open book on her knee, and her eyes fixed upon the far distance which lies behind the burning coals, sat Maude, soliloquising. It was perfectly preposterous the idiotic way men behaved, it really was; but, of course, if he chose to flare up in a temper and behave rudely about a little thing like that, it was *his* loss, and *she* didn't care. So she took up her novel resolutely and read on. But the distant view was behind the page as it was behind the fire, and would not be banished; and, after reading a sentence through three times, she threw the book (Mudie's, not her's) down into the fender, where a warm cinder gently ate its way through the binding. "I'm sure I was right; Hamlet *did* tell Ophelia not to mind his complexion. It's a silly thing to quarrel about, but I'm not going to be treated like that, particularly when I know it *wasn't* Othello! I'll just look." She got up, went to a highly ornamental book-shelf, and returned with a highly ornamental Shakspeare. She settled down in the arm-chair. "Now! 'Hamlet,' page 243; I can't read through the whole thing." She turned over the pages, running her finger down each and shaking her head. "'Fat and scant of breath.' No, that's not it. I wonder if it's in the Index?" She dived into the Index, chased the word "complexion" over many plays, and finally looked up with a little laugh of triumph. "Here we are, as I said: 'Mislike me not for my complexion.' I *knew* he was *wrong*! Hamlet is telling Ophelia that——" She looked again at the book and stopped. "Oh, it's—it's—'The Merchant of Venice'!" She paused. "But I don't care. He had no right to be rude even if we were engaged." She was depressed again, and a tear began to glisten, but disappeared as she suddenly remembered that the villain had staked his all upon Othello. She laughed with glee. "He said Othello. I knew I was right, after all; it's not a bit the sort of thing Othello would be likely to say." And then, after an exultation lasting for about twenty seconds, her mood changed again at the thought of the awful, desolating result of this miserable squabble. It had all happened three days ago; she had told him not to come near the house again ("darken the threshold" were her exact words; but she was very angry); the wretch had obeyed her quite literally; she had vowed she would never see him more—he hadn't given her the chance. What on earth did he want her to do? Did he expect her to write and make it plain how obdurate she was, or to go to him and forbid him to persecute her with his objectionable attentions? In short, he was a brute. And she was sorry she had ever met him, and—— The maid knocked and announced Captain Harry Lamleigh.

Instinctively her hand went to her hair and her heart to her mouth; and the Captain entered diffidently. Before facing him, she suppressed an impulse of rapture, then turned and froze him with a chilling shake of the hand. "How do you do? I'm afraid mother is lying down; she has a slight headache."

"I'm sorry," stammered the Captain; "I came to see her, of course."

"Yes," said Maude, and there was an Arctic silence.

"I suppose I had better call again when she is better," and he picked up his hat and gloves and turned towards the door.

This would never do, so, with a slight suspicion of alarm, she said, "Won't you sit down for a few minutes? She will be—I expect her to come down to tea."

"Er—thank you." He looked at his watch. "Perhaps I had better wait in the hall. I should be so much obliged if you would mention to her that I hope she is quite well, don't you know!"

He was getting impertinent; but still, he mustn't go yet, so, without turning, she said, "Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you."

And he sat down close to the door and put his hat and gloves back on the table. The whole room was between them. He looked across at her, in doubt, and the back of her head told him nothing. Then he began a commonplace opening: "The—er—streets are remarkably muddy."

"Oh?"

"So I took a hansom."

"Yes."

She felt she must make it hard for him at first, poor fellow. He thought again, and the only thing that occurred to him was: "Very remarkable the number of hansoms one sees about the streets nowadays."

"Yes."

Then there came an idea; it was worth risking, and ought to break the ice. "It occurred to me, quite independently, you know, that—er—compared with the ugly motor-cars one sees, they are really handsome."

It didn't seem so good when it was said; he was only a military man—not one of those beastly conversationalists. There was no answer. So he tried sarcasm. "Have you got any papers or magazines for me to read while I wait?"

The sarcasm was lost. "You will find the *Church Times* on the table."

He took it up, resumed his seat, turned up his coat-collar with an

audible shiver, and began to read. She felt she was rather overdoing the thing; it would look as if she really cared if it was too elaborate, so she invited him to come nearer to the fire.

"Oh, thanks, no! It doesn't matter—the coldness is not entirely the fault of the weather."

For about a minute they both pretended to read; but two hearts placed in such a position are talking to each other all the time, and it was not long before their eyes met and Maude turned away hurriedly with a blush. He stood up at once.

"Look here, I say, Maude, this is simply——"

"I beg your pardon, Captain Lamleigh!"

He sat down again, puzzled, and once again had an idea which seemed promising.

"Er—I feel—Miss Banbury, that I ought to explain this entirely unwarranted intrusion." She bowed stiffly. "The—er—fact is, I just happened to be calling on the people next-door, and I thought it would hardly be right to pass without looking in to see Mrs. Banbury and—er—say good-bye, you know. Fact is, I hardly expected to find you in—er——"

"Perhaps, if I go away and see if mother's coming down——?"

She rose.

"Oh! no, please! I have no real objection to your sitting there."

She was angry and almost left the room in disdain, but thought better of it and sat down again. He went on, growing more confident: "I know it's awful cheek of me to come here like this, but I thought perhaps I might be pardoned, as it is almost certainly for the last time, you know."

She was off her guard and looked up inquiringly.

"Fact is, I heard this morning that we were ordered out to—er—to—Jamaica——"

"To Jamaica?" she gasped.

"Yes," he replied lightly. "Place where they grow the rum-plant, you know. Fact is, there seems to have been some rising among the—er—rum operatives—or whatever they call them—rather serious—and the Germans or Russians have been supplying them with arms, and a whole regiment has been annihilated—with the officers—and it seems I'm wanted—it sounds very funny, I know—so I have to go——"

She was alarmed; how could he treat it so frivolously? She asked him, "When?"

"Early to-morrow morning. It's a bore, of course, going in such a hurry. Old Robins went out in the same way last month, before they knew it was serious. He was shot in the head last week."

She clutched the table. "Did he die?"

"Yes, poor beggar, quite suddenly! It's an important part—the head—with some people."

She turned pale. "How horrible! And—and are you going to the same place?"

His levity was heroic. "Exactly; in all probability, the identical spot. But, you see, it doesn't matter so much for me. *He* was engaged; I've only got one or two men I don't care particularly about to say good-bye to——"

She turned away with a lump in her throat. She had forgotten all about the punishment he deserved. This was—this was—she had never thought of this—and suppose he had not come to her again; suppose he had gone away with her cruel words in his ears! She could scarcely speak. In a whisper, she said, "Only one or two men—you don't care about?"

His cheerfulness was appalling.

"Yes, you see, it makes all the difference, doesn't it? But I've promised to write to them, you know, and all that sort of thing; send 'em a wire just as we are going into action; nothing flashy, you know, about duty and that sort of rot; just 'Good-bye, old chap; see you later,' you know. It oughtn't to cost much—a shilling a word, perhaps."

"How can you jest about a thing so serious?"

"To hide the fact that I'm in a blue funk. Besides, serious things are always the biggest jokes. Gravity is the soul of wit."

She turned away, wondering, and hid her tears from him, but he saw them in the looking-glass.

"And it is—it is—to-morrow morning?"

"Yes; I hope you see my reason for coming to call on—Mrs. Banbury."

"I—I—think I understand."

"Well, as she doesn't seem to be coming, would you just remember me to her? Say I'm sorry not to have seen her. I am afraid I must go and see that my man is packing the sort of things one wants in Jamaica. Er—good-bye!"

He held out his hand. She turned slowly and took it. Their eyes met and she broke down completely. He gathered her up in his arms and held her tight.

"Oh, Harry," she sobbed, "not to-morrow morning! Say it's not to-morrow morning!"

"Darling! And we were trying to pretend we didn't know each other!"





CURATE : It must be a comfort to you, Mrs. Smith, to reflect that your life has been well spent.

MRS. SMITH : Yes, pretty well, thank you, Sir. I've buried three husbands in my time.

He took her gently to a sofa, and they sat down side by side, and, as she clung to him, he wiped away the tears from her eyes and kissed her. Then, with little gasps, half laughter and half sobs, she said—

"And it all began in a squabble about an idiotic man who didn't even write his own plays, dear."

"But it won't happen again. Sweet little lips!" Another kiss. "But they did look nice when they frowned and tried to be rude and cold—and couldn't manage it."

"I think I was rather successful. It frightened you, horribly."

"Horribly! I hope I may never have such a fright again. Really, you oughtn't to! It isn't fair to take advantage of a fellow like that. I don't think I shall ever forgive you. By the way, I brought this ring you sent back in a chocolate-box." He took the ring out of his pocket and caught her wrist. "Now, left hand up! Spread fingers; first, second, third! There!" He put it on gently. "How cold you must have felt without it! Awfully dangerous leaving off rings in this weather!"

"Yes, my eyes have been watering ever since—with the cold."

"Poor little eyes! I'm so sorry! But they're better now." And for a time there was silence. He broke it first. "By the way, I've got some tickets for the new play to-morrow night. Do you think that you and Mrs. Banbury would care to come with me?"

She beamed upon him. "Rather! We should like it awfully!"—and then suddenly, with a catch in her throat, she remembered what had caused this reconciliation. Her hand trembled on his arm. "But—but—Jamaica?" And she gazed with a scared expression into his eyes and the tears began to appear once more.

He stammered, "Oh yes!—of course—Jamaica." He looked away to gain time to think. It began to dawn upon him that he had done a pretty contemptible thing and would like to postpone explanations.

"Harry! To-morrow morning!"

"Oh yes! I forgot," he went on lamely; "I shall probably be able to stay a little longer, now I've got a special reason, you know."

"Is that—is that—usual in the Army?"

"Not very." How he wished his great idea had been something different! This was deuced awkward. He wondered how she would take it. "Little love," he said soothingly, but with apprehension in his heart, "when I said Jamaica, you see, I didn't mean exactly Jamaica—er—"

She was puzzled and her grip of his arm relaxed.

"Not exactly Jamaica?"

"Well, there's Jamaica and Jamaica, you know. I mean—I mean—I don't know quite how to explain it, but—"

Her tears had gone and her hand had left his arm. She looked straight at him and he quailed. At last, he blurted out, with a miserable attempt at a laugh, "It—it—was a joke, you know!"

Her eyes hardened as she rose slowly and stepped back from him.

"Maude, love, don't! Oh, I feel such a cad!"

She spoke slowly, with suppressed fury.

"It—was—a—joke! You told a deliberate lie to get me to pity you!"

"No, no, dear—not deliberate! I—I made it up as I went along! I assure you I did, Maude! Maude!"

"You contemptible cad!"—and she drew the ring from her finger and flung it to the ground. "Now go! Go! And never come near me again!"

He tried to brazen it out. "Well, of all the unreasonable—! You almost cry when you hear I'm going away, and now you're raging at me because I'm not. Why, by telling you that little story, I specially arranged a pleasant surprise for you when you heard the truth."

He felt it was another false step as soon as it was said; it certainly had no effect.

"Go out of the house!"

He tried supplication. "Maude, do you mean that?"

She gave him a savage "Yes!"

"I don't believe you do—you can't! Do you mean it?"

"Yes!" she hissed, so far as such a gentle little creature could.

He stood irresolute, then took up his hat and looked at her; her back was turned, and determined, outraged majesty was in the pose of her head and her clenched hands.

"Very well! It shall be Jamaica or Hong-Kong in real earnest this time!" He waited a moment and said "Good-bye!" and slunk out like a whipped cur. And he felt he deserved it.

As he did not quite close the door, she could not tell when he had really gone. For some seconds she remained motionless, staring blankly into the street; then, hearing his step in the hall, she flung herself down with an outburst of passionate tears upon the sofa where he had been sitting and buried her face in the cushions.

"Come back!" she moaned. "Oh, I didn't mean it—I didn't mean it! Harry, Harry, come back! I love you—I love you!"

The appeal could not reach his ears, but he had left his gloves behind, which did almost as well. He returned softly and found her stretched upon the sofa, almost tearing the cushions. He looked at her wonderingly, and said, "I am afraid I forgot my gloves."

She leapt up suddenly, with redoubled fury at his finding her in this attitude. Her eyes were red and she lost all control of herself.

"Didn't I tell you to go? Go at once!"

He thought for a second, and then, putting down his gloves and hat again, said decidedly, "I shall not!"

She gasped. "You will not go?"

"No! Flatly, squarely, emphatically no!"

She turned towards the bell. "I will ring and have you turned out."

"Wait a minute!" Her hand hesitated on the bell, and she watched him solemnly take up the poker, draw the sofa across one corner of the room, pile chairs round, and take up a heroic attitude behind this barricade. If she hadn't been so wild she would have thought it ridiculous.

"Now ring!" he said, with one leg raised on a chair and the poker poised ready for action; but still she hesitated, without knowing why. "Look here, when I was younger, a man bet me I wouldn't scandalise a whole theatre and get turned out. I did it. I didn't care. I don't care now. You'll have to bring in a battalion of police to move me. There are moments when I feel reckless; this is one of them. Ring!" But, somehow, she didn't. He went on: "Not an ideal place for a free-fight; but it will do. It will be a sweet morsel for the evening papers—'Scene in a West-End Drawing-room. Interview with the Lady Concerned. Hints of Revelations! Why Maude and Harry Quarrelled!' Why don't you ring?"

She drew her hand from the bell. The fine frenzy was succeeded by sulks. "You unspeakable brute!" She sat down.

He went on cheerily: "Do you know, I've decided there is to be no more nonsense. I mean it—seriously. So I'm going to stay here till the nonsense stops." He came from behind the barricade, put down the poker, stood with his back to the fire, and looked at her. "What do you propose to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this: I love you, you love me."

She interrupted him hotly. "I don't; I hate you!" She felt at once that that was a mistake.

"Very well; same thing. When I came first you were trying to read a book, but you couldn't—for thinking of me."

"I was doing nothing of the kind."

She knew it was wrong to be driven into argument, but she couldn't let such correct guesses go unrefuted.

"And you were so angry at my not coming that you threw the book into the fireplace." He stooped down and picked it up. "Not the way to use books: it spoils their binding. Naughty temper!"

"Conceited fool!"

"Of course I am! If girls don't want men to be conceited, they shouldn't let them see that they love them."

"I didn't let you see—I mean, I don't love you."

"I have already admitted that. To resume. When I came, I was going away again immediately; you told me to sit down. Now why?"

Again she was drawn into replying. "I can't be so rude as you are."

"But we had definitely arranged never to speak to each other again. Yet you told me to stay. Why? Simply because you wanted me to; because you love me—"

"I don't!" she said hotly.

"All right, all right; we've settled all that! We hate each other with a passionate execration, and we can't hate properly at a distance, of course. So I stayed, and in whispered words we told each other of our hate." His voice softened. "It was rather nice, wasn't it?"

"No, it was horrid!"

"Very well. You decided that I must go, so I went. Now, any ordinary fool would have gone right away and left two broken hearts to find two others to mend them. That would have been a jolly tragedy. But I am not an ordinary fool."

"You're an extraordinary one."

This cheap score rather pleased her. He was not hurt, for it was a good sign.

"It's something to surpass in anything. So I came back and found that you were rather sorry that I had gone."

"I wasn't! I was very glad!"

"So you insisted on my going away again. Now, why in thunder," he burst out, "is it considered the essential of maidenly reserve to say the opposite of what you mean? I may be wrong, of course, but it seems to be nonsense, and it causes a great deal of unnecessary trouble—"

"But I did mean it."

"Then why didn't you do the obvious thing? I wouldn't go; you wanted to get rid of me. Why didn't you go yourself? It would have been dull for me here alone."

She rose quickly and went towards the door, but he hurried past her and put his foot against it.

"No you don't! Not now: it's much too late!"

"Let me out!"

"Shan't!"

So she sank down into a chair with her back towards him. She rather liked this mood of his. But it wouldn't do to admit that. He leant against the door with his hands in his pockets and went on calmly: "I shall stay here till they wonder what the matter is. We are—we were engaged, so that will be some time yet. Care for the *Church Times*? No? Prefer to talk? Very well. I'm reading your mind. Through the back of your head it's a little hard. But I'll tell you one or two things, then you'll tell me if I'm right; it's a good game—passes the time well. You are feeling awfully angry and pleased. That right?" There was no answer. "You'll never give in, but you hope I won't give up trying to make you?" No answer. "You hate me, but you would rather hate me than anything else in the world. That right?" There was a pause; then, appealingly, "Maude, why do you go on like this? You know you don't mean it!" Still no answer. "You are trying your very hardest to keep the corners of your mouth down." It is as hard to avoid smiling when you are told you are as it is to keep your temper when you're told you've lost it. "Now you're smiling!" He ran round to look. She turned her head away quickly. He cried triumphantly, "I knew it! I formally summon the garrison to surrender, and I frankly admit that Hamlet did object to Desdemona's complexion. Is that enough?"

It was; and both were on their knees on the floor looking for the errant ring.



## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE TWIN SISTER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

SUCCESS seems to have come to the Duke of York's with Mr. Parker's adaptation of Fulda's play, which, if lacking the dainty note of poetry—despite its blank verse—has a broadly comic scheme which leads to strong scenes and tickles the audience's sense of humour. There may be those who will sigh for a lighter touch in the treatment of the theme of the wife who seeks to revive her husband's passion by posing as her own sister, but apparently they are in the minority, and a favourable verdict will be passed by those who take a somewhat contemptuous view of woman's sphere. The real event of the evening was the acting of Mr. H. B. Irving, whose rapid progress towards full control over his remarkable gifts is a matter of great importance—real, passionate power such as he showed, and real, grim humour, too, are rarely combined. His resemblance to his famous father was more marked than ever, though his individuality is strong, and it may be fairly said we have no actor who could have played the part so well. Miss Lily Brayton, perhaps, was somewhat overburdened by her task as the neglected wife, but she gave a pretty performance and showed some skill in suggesting a difference in character between the two sisters. Miss Beatrice Ferrar acted ingeniously, and Mr. Ben Webster was skilful in his work. Mr. Norman Forbes in a low-comedy part amused the house, yet the piece would not suffer if he were more restrained in his fooling, particularly in a needless drunken scene. Miss Ethel Ross-Selwicks's dance to pretty music by Miss Liza Lehmann gave some of the pleasantest moments of the evening; one would have liked rather more of Miss Lehmann's charming music. Pretty scenery, quaint dresses, and general excellence of acting helped to render the production agreeable, so, although claiming no high rank as a work of art, "The Twin Sister" may well thrive.

"FROCKS AND FRILLS,"  
AT THE HAYMARKET.

Why has nobody thought of the idea before of putting the competition of milliners on the stage, and giving us in one Act the products of one house, in the next of another, and so on? Perhaps competition is not altogether fair, since it is obvious that the Acts will vary in possibilities of display, and, indeed, such is the case in "Frocks and Frills," the third Act being worth all the other together for the sweet uses of advertisement, and giving us what we never had before, the sanctum—not quite the innermost sanctum—of Madame Clothilde, who, as the milliner *à la mode*, reigned supreme. I should like to talk about the dresses from the man's point of view, but suppose I must stick to my last and speak of the play, which occasionally seems somewhat subordinated to the toques and creations which will draw all the smart ladies to the Haymarket. Of course, one cannot say that the play does not matter under the circumstances, but it certainly seems a secondary consideration when compared with the amazing confections which caused little feminine shrieks of delight, though probably an art-critic would have nothing but curses for them. Everybody now knows that Mr. Grundy's piece is an adaptation of "Les Doigts de Fée," a pretty, artificial French comedy by Scribe and Legouvé, originally produced about the time when crinolines converted every man into a kind of Timon. What a wonderful effect if by any permissible device Mr. Grundy could have given us the show-room of the Clothilde of forty years ago after that of the Clothilde of to-day! I do not think that anyone has pretended that the original was a brilliant comedy—indeed, it was rather a happy thought than a great invention, and the adaptation shows no new aspect of Mr. Grundy's art. But when the story of the pauper aristocrat who became, as milliner, a big power in London, is played a little faster and has passed under the blue pencil, it will entertain agreeably all the male creatures forced to go to the Haymarket because their womenfolk are dying to see the Queen of Spain's gorgeous gown

and the other frocks and frills and furbelows. Perhaps there were no furbelows, for, like the stammering hero of the play, I am a mere muddler in such mysteries, and, though I can tell a hawk from a heronshaw, I cannot distinguish a gore from a *godet*, and hardly know the difference between a "topped," a "shaded," and a "grounded" sable, even if I know the *martre zibeline* of Russia from the humbler fur of Canada or the horror of Japan. We had a capital performance, since Miss Grace Lane was quite triumphant in her heavy task, Mr. Cyril Maude made a "hit," and Miss Ellis Jeffreys did wonders as a brainless lady of fashion. Moreover, Mr. Eric Lewis acted admirably, Mrs. Calvert was funny, Miss Beaumont charming, Mr. Sleath manly, Mr. Allan Aynesworth distinguished, and the host of nameless ladies who wore wonderful gowns were shapely and beautiful.

The production of

"MADEMOISELLE MARS"

(which is to take place at the Imperial Theatre on Saturday, Jan. 25) will be on an extremely lavish scale. A large and powerful cast has been engaged to support Mrs. Langtry, more than sixty people being on the stage at one time in some of the scenes. The dresses to be worn by the ladies will be particularly magnificent. Many of these have been designed by Miss Edith Craig (who, by the way, has just been appointed wardrobe-mistress at the Imperial Theatre), and are faithful copies of the costumes that were affected by the belles of the Empire period. They have, for the most part, been copied from authentic paintings, to which Miss Craig has had access. Mrs. Langtry's own dresses are being made in Paris and are of a more beautiful description even than those which she wore in "A Royal Necklace."

Very great pains have been taken by Mrs. Langtry to ensure that all the furniture used on the stage shall be in harmony with the dramatic atmosphere of the play. With this end in view, all the overtures of the Wardour Street shopkeepers have been uncompromisingly declined, and the whole of the cabinets and chairs, &c., which will figure in the various scenes are genuinely Empire in their origin. Several suites of this famous make were secured by Mrs. Langtry herself under rather peculiar circumstances. A few months ago, when paying a flying visit to her native island of Jersey, she learned that two old ladies were living there who were the daughters of no less a person than this *Mademoiselle Mars* whom she was about to impersonate. Visiting them accordingly, she found that they possessed



A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM "FROCKS AND FRILLS," THE NEW COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

a great deal of the furniture which once graced the actress's own apartments. Mrs. Langtry was fortunate enough to purchase it from them, and it will now figure in a representation of the salons of its original owner.

"Mademoiselle Mars" will be produced under Mrs. Langtry's personal supervision. The first rehearsal took place on Dec. 30, and since that date they have been held daily.

For the scenery, Mr. Frank Verity is mainly responsible. In one of the scenes a novel effect has been secured by the representation on the stage of a section of the auditorium. Another will be a representation of the Green-room of the Dresden Theatre Royal.

## CORONATION MUSIC

at Queen Victoria's Coronation was on a large scale, but Her Majesty regretted that Sir Henry Bishop did not conduct it. In fact, a Court official was opposed to the popular English musician and did him a great injury. Happily, we shall avoid such a scandal now. My choice of a conductor would be Sir Hubert Parry, of the Royal College of Music, in many respects the greatest of living English musicians.

## "THE MEISTERSINGER,"

I hear, is about to be performed in Rome for the first time. I doubt if it will be popular, though "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" greatly pleased the Romans and are often performed.

THE CLOSING OF THE FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE, LA SCALA, MILAN, has caused a great sensation in the musical world. Once it was the most celebrated home of opera in Europe and to have appeared there was sufficient to make the fame of a vocalist. Our late famous tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, sang at La Scala before he appeared at Drury Lane.

#### KUBELIK

is having a tremendous "boom" in America, where his sensational violin-playing astonishes every hearer.

#### HANDEL'S GLORIOUS "MESSIAH"

was performed, as usual, on New Year's Day. Many musical readers are not aware that it was originally produced in Dublin in 1741. Here is a notice from a Dublin journal, April 13, 1741—

This day will be performed Mr. Handell's new Grand Sacred Oratorio, called the MESSIAH. The doors will be open at eleven, and the performance begin at twelve.

The Stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the Favour of the ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Musick Hall in Fishamble Street. The gentlemen are desired to come without their swords.

#### MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

the finest pianist of the day, has just concluded an extensive Russian tour and returned to Vienna. He has decided to visit London this

The principal dramatisation of certain of the more stirring of the wiry little sailor's adventures is being undertaken by Kettle's inventor, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, in collaboration with the author of one of the most successful musical comedies of modern times.

There are, however, if all I hear be true, soon to be seen

#### SEVERAL OTHER "KETTLES" UPON THE STAGE.

As a matter of fact, the first produced dramatisation of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's fascinating sea-dog was, a few days ago, brought out at Sadler's Wells Theatre by the well-known "leading man," Mr. Roy Redgrave.

I learn also that there is imminent yet another dramatisation of "Ouida's" stirring romance,

#### "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

This will be of somewhat smaller dimensions than the old "Firefly" one performed at the Surrey soon after the story was published, in 1867. Moreover, it has nothing in common with the latest-produced "Under Two Flags" dramatisation, namely, that which was prepared a few months ago for the American market by Mr. Paul Potter, the authorised adapter of the late George Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby." To be strictly accurate, the forthcoming adapter of "Under Two Flags" assures me that he will not proceed further with his stage-version until he receives permission from "Ouida" herself, and that lady is still abroad. Other "Ouida" adapters have not always been so conscientious.



EARL OF MOUNTARARAT (MR. POWIS PINDER) AND CELIA (MISS AGNES FRASER).



QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES (MISS BRANDRAM) AND LORD CHANCELLOR (MR. PASSMORE).

#### REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE," AT THE SAVOY.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

spring. I once heard Dr. Richter say to his famous orchestra, "Be careful, gentlemen; you are accompanying the King of Pianists."

#### PROMENADE CONCERTS IN THE NEW YEAR

are a novelty. But Mr. Wood's splendid orchestra is worthy of being heard at any time and enterprising Mr. Robert Newman deserves every encouragement.

#### MR. PHIL MAY

much regrets (*The Sketch* is requested to state) that, consequent upon the peremptory instructions of his surgeon, he will be obliged to forego his engagement to appear in "The Broken Melody" when Mr. Van Biene brings that play to the Princess's Theatre on Jan. 14.

#### MESSRS. FELIX BLOCH ERBEN,

Oswaldestre House, Norfolk Street, W.C., have been so fortunate as to secure the English and American rights in the new three-act farce, "L'Inconnue," by Paul Gavault and Georges Beer, which has met with such success at the Palais-Royal.

The transferring of popular heroes of fiction to the stage proceeds apace. Now that "Sherlock Holmes" has become so firmly established at the Lyceum, one is not surprised to learn that, according to advices just to hand, we are anon to see the redoubtable "Captain Kettle" upon the boards.

By the time this issue of *The Sketch* appears in print, Mr. George Alexander will, if his present intentions hold good, have revived

#### "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST,"

at the St. James's. By virtue of a request made by the writer of this entertaining piece just before he died, Mr. Alexander is billing "The Importance of being Earnest" as "by the Author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'"

In about a month from now, Mr. Alexander will, he tells me, produce Mr. Stephen Phillips's Italian tragedy entitled

#### "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA."

This is to be staged in a most gorgeous and realistic manner, and the cast will be of exceeding strength, including (as *Sketch* readers have been already notified) Miss Elizabeth Robins, once

#### THE IDOL OF THE IBSENITES,

and at all times a most accomplished actress.

Also about a month hence, Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to produce Mr. Stephen Phillips's other sometime-promised play, namely, "Ulysses." This, however, has been waiting for production for a far shorter period than "Paolo and Francesca," which Mr. Alexander was compelled to postpone from time to time. I have already given in these columns certain of the leading features in "Ulysses."

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

*A Coronation Proposal—The Ugliness of Motors—Pretty Machines—Bicycles of Bronze-Colour—The Passing of Fads—Free-Wheeling and Long Cranks—Flints on Frosty Roads—Milestones.*

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 8, 5.8; Thursday, 5.9; Friday, 5.10; Saturday, 5.12; Sunday, 5.13; Monday, 5.15; Tuesday, 5.16.

Everybody knows how enthusiastic a motorist is the King. The suggestion has therefore been made that, at the Coronation, the Royal car, instead of being drawn by horses, should be propelled by a motor. It has been pointed out that horses often become restless on such occasions and that here is a fine opportunity for His Majesty to encourage self-propelled traffic. But, however much the King may desire to assist the motoring industry, I am afraid, were he to announce that the Coronation-car would be drawn by a motor, a yell would arise from three parts of the population of this kingdom, for we are terribly conservative and take to change charily.

Another thing is that we have not yet entirely lost our eye for the picturesque. No doubt, the motor is to be the carriage-driver of the future, and perhaps, when motors are the rule and horses things to be found only in museums or Zoological Gardens, somebody will have devised a motor-carriage that is not ugly. I admit that use has got much to do with us liking to see horses in harness. Had we first motors, and then horses were introduced, no doubt we would all be wroth at the unpicturesque innovation. It happens, however, to be the other way, and, as our opinions are the result of ages, most of us feel, if we are not motor-mad, that the motor is an ugly thing. A few years back, distinguished artists drew designs how the motor might be made beautiful. Nothing came of the experiment. The ugliness will, I fancy, disappear as our eyes become accustomed. Accordingly, as things are at present, however benefitting it would be for King Edward VII. to proceed to his Coronation drawn by a motor-car, the one thing, perhaps, above all others that would retard him from doing so would be the consciousness that the vehicle was anything but pretty and picturesque.

There is no question that the majority of us rather shirk bicycle-riding in the winter months. It has recently been argued that this is not because we are afraid of the damp or fear to run the risk of a spill on muddy roads, but to the fact that we do not like to get our machines dirty. All of us have acquaintances who decline at times to go jaunts, and the only excuse made is, "Oh, but my machine would get in such a mess!" This is true enough. The plea has therefore been put forward that, instead of the bicycles being bright and ornamental, they should be of some pleasant neutral colour, and bronze is suggested as being as good as anything. Perhaps, if we had machines that would not show the dirt we would be more ready to ride on them than those which, however excellent their workmanship may be, certainly do, present, after a day's "mud-plugging," a most disreputable appearance.

Personally, I do not care much how my bicycle looks so long as it runs well—and I will always remember, to my credit, that for some weeks I ran the gauntlet of criticism for fifty miles round London by riding a "Pedersen," which is good food for the chaff of the yokel and the small boy—but the majority of wheel-people do prefer their machines to look neat and trim. So long as this is so, I fancy we will not have manufacturers altogether sacrificing beauty for utility. Indeed, English-made machines, compared with those of America, are positively funereal. They are, as a rule, black. Across the Atlantic they are all

shades—white, green, red, yellow, even crushed-strawberry tint—all the hues of the rainbow, in fact.

I often wonder what the modern bicycle would look like if it had all the "improvements" that have been heralded within the last five years as "the one thing necessary" to make cycling beyond compare as a pleasure. Cyclists come and go, but the faddist runs on for ever. Glance over the last year or two and think of the many appliances that were trumpeted to the world, and then think where are they now? I confess that, looking at the history of bicycle-manufacture within the past three years, I am inclined to be sceptical indeed about this, that, and the other change which is going to make wheeling more popular than ever. Still, I am ready to admit that many of the things which were praised so loudly did not only have the germ of excellence, but were excellent. The reason, however, they have disappeared has not been because they lacked merit, but because their champions, carried away by enthusiasm, exaggerated the advantages in such a way that when the sober-minded public tried them they were proportionately disappointed, and the things were cast on one side.

Free-wheeling is practically the only serious modern change that the public has clung to. Even free-wheeling has suffered greatly because of the silly claims put forward in its behalf. Free-wheeling has got benefits, and it is especially beneficial to ladies. But it does not do the things that were in the first months of its popularity claimed for it. Then, again, as to long cranks and high gears. Here was a subject ready for serious discussion, because it was a moot point whether the customary 6½-inch cranks were the best or not. I ride 7-inch cranks myself, and, had I a different physique, would ride 7½-inch or even 8-inch. But when the mad enthusiasts laid down the rule that 9-inch cranks were the proper things for every rider, no matter what his particular physique might be, the absurdity of the contention became apparent, the public laughed, and so, instead of a general improvement setting in by people having cranks made to suit their particular requirements, they have clung to the old 6½-inch cranks. I do not for a moment depreciate enthusiasm, but some people cannot distinguish enthusiasm from recklessness.

The Roads Improvement Association, which has recently been revived, is setting about in a laudatory manner to secure various much-needed benefits in regard to our highways. I hope that one of the first things its officials will succeed in accomplishing will be to get the local authorities to cease the practice of throwing flint-gravel on frosty roads. These flints do considerable harm to our tyres. No doubt, another material could be soon found by the local authorities to prevent horses from slipping, and I believe that, were they politely requested to find that

other material, in the interests of the army of cyclists, most of them would do so. The mistake is to attack local authorities with a bludgeon and bully them because they do not do everything that the cyclists want.

Another thing that the Roads Improvement Association might well direct their attention to is that of sign-posts and the standardisation of milestones. As one who has cycled in a good many different countries, I do not know a land so deficient in intelligible sign-posts as my own. In many districts, of course, the local authorities have erected most admirable posts, and also have put milestones along the main roads, so that he who rides may read. These exceptions, however, only make the other districts which are not so favoured stand out disagreeably. The Roads Improvement Association might well approach the Local Government Board with the suggestion that the whole country be properly covered with sign-posts and milestones, not only for the benefit of the cyclist, but for other people as well.

J. F. F.



A FRENCH LADY RACER.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

*The King's Horses.* Every sportsman, without a single exception, is delighted to hear that Lord Marcus Beresford is to be Manager of the King's thoroughbreds. Lord Marcus is to-day, and for years has been, one of the most popular men on the course. He is the terror of evildoers, and I have more than once been tempted to

other favourites are Cap-and-Bells II., Lord Bobs, Osboch, William the Third, and Transparency. The horses named above would be a great acquisition to any nobleman's or gentleman's stable, and it can be taken for granted that many of them will win races sooner or later. At the same time, the majority of those referred to are exposed horses, and they will be well taken care of by the handicappers, so they may prove to be very dear horses to follow except when running in weight-for-age races.

*A Jockey Bell.* I am very glad to hear that at the new course at Castle Irwell there will be erected in the paddock an electric bell to sound when the jockeys are to mount. This useful wrinkle might be adopted by all Clerks of Courses, as the delays in the paddock are simply unbearable at times, especially when American riders are engaged. These gentlemen take no notice whatever of the Police Inspector whose duty it is to call "Mount, gentlemen, please!" until the latter has shouted himself hoarse. The Clerk of the Scales ought to be responsible at all meetings for the jockeys being in the saddle ready to start at the advertised time, and he should report all defaulters to the Stewards. Delays, as I have said before, are very dangerous at race-meetings, as the return-trains at most meetings are timed to start immediately after the last race, and Traffic Managers make their arrangements for keeping the lines clear on the assumption that racing will conclude sharp to time. The Paddock Bell ought to prove a big success, and I hope Mr. Mannering will induce the Stewards to order its adoption at all meetings.

*Defaulters.* The Stewards of the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee publish Forfeits Lists, in which are printed the names of those gentlemen who have failed to pay their fees. Why not publish a list each month of the backers and layers who fail to settle their gambling accounts? I am told that one big book-maker is owed at the present time over £200,000 by clients, many of whom parade in the Club Enclosures as popular patrons of the Turf. Why not let us read the names of these defaulters in big black type occasionally? Further, why not print the names of the rocky book-makers, as a warning to unwary backers? The Jockey Club are prepared to warn defaulters off Newmarket Heath; then why, I ask, should they not occasionally print a list of those who are liable, in the event of not paying up, to be sent off? All this and more could be done if the Jockey Club would acknowledge betting as an adjunct of racing, for the non-bettors on the Turf are very few indeed just now.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S BLACK PUG, "JACK VALENTINE."

Photo by Salmon and Batchan, New Bond Street, W.

suggest in these columns that he should be appointed a paid Steward to attend all the principal meetings and personally represent the Stewards of the Jockey Club. It was Lord Marcus who advised John Porter to remove from Kingsclere to Newmarket, but Mr. John could not tear himself away from his old home. It may be taken for granted that the King's horses will do well in the Coronation Year, as Lord Marcus has proved himself to be a champion in the art of placing. His Majesty's two-year-olds have been freely entered, and it is to be hoped the Royal colours will be seen to the fore at the Ascot, Epsom, and Goodwood Meetings. It would be too much to expect Pole Carew to win the Two Thousand or Derby. Yet, I am told that R. Marsh has high hopes of winning a big race with the son of Persimmon—Laodamia. He proved a disappointing two-year-old, but, as a matter of fact, his looks are good enough for anything.

*Handicaps.*

As I have before stated, I expect a big increase in the entry for the Spring Handicaps, as owners will want to make money early in the year to prepare for the brunt of the fray in the busy summer. A great deal will depend on the handicappers as to whether the early spring events prove a success or otherwise. It is, I think, a great pity that Mr. Mainwaring resigned his position of Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club, as he is a capital judge of form, and during his term of office he gave us some perplexing puzzles. Mr. H. M. Dorling used to make some good handicaps, and Mr. R. P. Anson also framed some regular teasers. Mr. W. J. Ford was a good handicapper, but the trio named do not frame the weights now. Mr. Ord, whose duties in the season are carried on over the Northern Circuit, is a most capable weight-adjuster; while in the South we have a clever exponent of handicapping in Mr. de Keyser. All the same, I think there is room for one or two capable handicappers, and I am not quite sure the Stewards of the Jockey Club acted wisely in barring Clerk of Courses from acting as their own handicappers.

*Horses to Follow.*

I have waded through thousands of letters during the past few days naming horses to follow during the flat-race season of 1902. It is marvellous how the champions, such as Santoi, Spectrum, and Volodyovski, are favoured by the crowd. Even that arch-rogue The Raft still has many friends. Duke of Westminster is the most popular three-year-old with the crowd, and, of the well-known handicap-performers, Steal-away and Little Eva get most votes. Many guessers expect Lord Quex to do something in 1902, and

## THE "JEWEL" MARQUIS'S PET DOG.

Lord Anglesey, who is now, it appears, nicknamed the "Jewel" by his intimate friends, is the fortunate owner of a most delightful dog, and, had this faithful little creature been about when the now historic jewel-robbery took place, he would doubtless have given the alarm. Be that as it may, one rather wonders why no part was reserved for "Jack Valentine" in the cast of "Aladdin," which seems to have proved so brilliant a success on Boxing Day at the Gaiety Theatre, Anglesey Castle. Aladdin was played by Miss Julia Kent, and the Vizier's son by Lord Anglesey himself.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY: THE SAME PERSON IN THREE DIFFERENT POSES.

Taken by Bertolant of Salerno.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IN the country, people have a way of thinking that everything in the matter of clothes that comes from "Town" must perforce be smart as the proverbial paint, and are, in fact, rather given to despise the aspirations of local tradespeople to be in the millinery swim. As a rule, this holds good, but not always. There are as dowdy modistes and milliners in this big London as ever afflicted the market-town of the Shires, while now and then one alights on a local genius of surprising parts, as I did the other day, when spending Christmas week in the rural surroundings of a country-house in Suffolk. The nearest town possessed, I was assured, a newly come dressmaker of parts, who was, moreover, of the "real lady" variety and had come down in the world—a not uncommon pastime in these days, alack! It was something to do to drive over and inspect Madame's wares one morning, which we accordingly did. Much to our gratified edification and surprise, a charming young woman in a charming and most un-shop-like salon displayed to view hats and frocks of the latest and most *chic* design. We bought her up more or less for the good of the cause, and then inquired why she had come to this Eastern wilderness, and the answer was prompt enough. London had been tried and found overdone, while this was a good neighbourhood in the midst of well-filled country-houses, and already orders were liberally coming in. All this set me thinking. If the dozens—indeed, hundreds—of women who try bonnets, flowers, and other amateur industries in London without success established themselves instead in good country centres where the

long enough to "get known." Now, in the country you cannot hide your light under a bushel, and in many places I know people would thankfully welcome a really smart modiste. I present the idea to



[Copyright.]

AN OUTDOOR COSTUME OF DARK-GREEN VELVET.

uncultivated local talent is notoriously bad, would they not, like this girl in question, command certain patronage from the county as well as the town? Of course, competency is a first necessity. But lots of clever, competent people fail in London because they cannot hold out



[Copyright.]

A DINNER-GOWN OF MAUVE SATIN AND BLACK LACE APPLIQUE.

women who want "an opening" for their talents. I believe there are plenty of possibilities in it.

Meanwhile, to particularise a few of the newest demi-saison details, I find dressmakers are smartening up black tailor-made or other frocks very effectively by the addition of facings in "Coronation-red" morocco leather, which is embroidered with black and gold in designs more or less reminiscent of heraldic emblems. The effect thereof on collar, cuffs, and vest is extraordinarily good. Blouse-coats in white cloth, with strappings and stitchings of white or black, are also written down as *très chic* when worn with black skirts. Smart, small bolero-coats of black or white cloth have lapels of brightly flowered silk overlaid with vandyked guipure, the points of which hang loose beyond the edge of said revers and give unmistakable style to the garment. The coarse lace known as "point d'Arabe," together with Irish crochet and Carrickmacross, is among the three laces of the moment. Buttons are also a great feature of the present and forthcoming modes, more especially paste, which the mode-makers sometimes set in tiny ribbon rosettes as part of the elaborate "altogether" of skirt, petticoat, bodice, and jacket.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the Faulkner Diamond Company, at The Quadrant, Regent Street, have the finest possible collection of paste buttons, buckles, brooches, and other bijouterie. The Faulkner diamonds are, as a matter of fact, hard, brilliant crystal, and therefore not "paste" at all. But, as a means of distinguishing them from the real thing, the word is used. For design and delicacy of setting the Faulkner jewels have a well-established popularity, and their Oriental pearls are in colour and shape puzzlingly similar to the finest gems that are dragged from the depths of the sea, and that at a



comparatively infinitesimal cost. As a happy hunting-ground for givers of presents, Faulkner's is an address to be noted, so many charming novelties are constantly brought over from Paris as well as designed and introduced by the firm itself.

*Apropos des bottes*, the high "storm"-collar, which we have becomingly disported for seasons past, has become *démodé*, as far as furs are concerned, and it is now decreed that our smart fur bolero shall either have an "Aiglon" collar made in suède leather embroidery, or, preferably still, that it shall have a flat sailor or circular collar of another fur. This leaving the throat somewhat bare, the ellipsis is supplied by folded gauze or tulle wound twice round and tied in a full bow in front and fastened by a diamond brooch.

Callard's, of 65, Regent Street, is by all accounts an address worth noting, as it would seem that they have successfully solved the vexed question of reducing obesity by the introduction of their "Callista" biscuit, which has already obtained quite a vogue with the corpulent of the community. The "Callista" is to be eaten instead of bread and potatoes. It has neither starch, sugar, nor butter in its composition, and a continuous diet of it for two or three months ensures slimness. Think of it, ye panting dowagers! Callard's send two boxes weekly for two months on payment of a couple of pounds, and their clients daily increase in numbers as they decrease in rotundity. Their "Kalari" bread and biscuits are another fat-reducing preparation, very palatable and quite wholesome.

SYBIL.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

*Journalisme de Luxe—Literature with Utterior Objects—"The Child in the Street"—Pantomime-at-any-Price—Subsidised Pantomime—Telephone to Lilliput—Society for the Abolition of Clowns.*

AN article on the current pantomimes may not, perhaps, be that most urgently demanded by the nation at the present moment, but the writing of it necessitates one's having boxes at all the principal theatres (to which one's most attractive feminine acquaintances can be invited in rotation), and therefore seemed advisable. A literary task of this kind is thus a labour of love; duty and inclination—but principally the latter—point plainly the same way. I remember knowing a young gentleman, a descriptive writer on a daily paper, who on this principle "wrote up" the most popular race-meetings, the fashionable restaurants, and the smartest hunts in the country.

He thus obtained railway passes to any town he took a fancy to, and extracted the maximum of amusement from the life of a young man of fashion without spending a sovereign, and the experienced journalist engaged on such investigations knows how to order costly souvenirs for his friends, boxes of cigars and whole suits of clothes, and charge them in some roundabout way to petty cash. At length, however, he suggested as a strong feature a description of a trip *de luxe* round the world (taking in the gayest foreign health-resorts), and his Editor scented the plot and

condemned him to a series of articles on mission work in the slums of the East-End and the drainage system of London, with hard labour.

No doubt, it is as much a recognised axiom that pantomime is dying as that the Christmas-card system is exploded, that the present age is hopelessly degenerate, that the British manufacturer is superannuated. Just as the modern problem-play is too risky for an audience other than one of young girls, so the modern pantomime is, in places, too deep for anybody except a child.

The Christmas entertainment used to be a children's play which amused the grown-ups. Now it is often a grown-up play which amuses the children. "Katawampus" admirably hits the taste of the infant with deep Parliamentary problems and political intrigues. Several severe moral lessons are given by Mr. Courtice Pounds as Krab, though he throws in some unctuous descriptions of the house built of caramels and toffee for the elders to smack their lips over enthusiastically. The splendid spectacle at Drury Lane appeals to the untutored mind of the parent, but the wit and humour are too subtle and the music-hall "turns" rather beyond him; the general disapproval of marriage for mere love and good looks is such as to meet the views of the Stock Exchange magnate and the sensible, thinking child-of-the-world exactly.

One large suburban house has put "The Worst Woman in London" on to amuse its infant audiences during the holidays. We shall soon have Drury Lane producing Eacon's "Hamlet" or a trifle on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. But let us elders—who, after all, pay for the seats—remain in our happy and ignorant enjoyment of pantomime while we can. Arabia, Egypt, Bagdad, and the other romantic regions wherein its sensuous scenes are laid will soon be fitted with American "Twopenny Tubes" and automobiles, and useless for purposes of pantomime, which will have to be subsidised by State to keep it alive. Brobdingnag will be connected by telephone with Lilliput by the Post Office. A Santos-Dumont No. 8 will make a flying carpet seem a tame affair.

In the treatment of the Clown we seem to be ringing out the old and ringing in the new with a vengeance. The twentieth-century Clown is a self-respecting, law-abiding ratepayer with a Spartan-like moral code. In private life he may be intimate with Royalty and call himself a "Society entertainer" or a "humorous reciter." In "Gulliver's Travels" his "business" is heavily censored and the sacrilege is committed of making him the butt of the other people, instead of *vice versa*. By next year the harlequinade may have disappeared and a Christmas play be produced with a policeman as the injured hero. It is magnificent, but it is not pantomime.

HILL ROWAN.

## CHILD SPANGLE-FROST.

When day is dying chill and raw  
And sombre spinneys shiver,  
When veils of mist begin to draw  
Across the naked river,  
There passes over moor and hill  
A magic, palpitating thrill.

The creeping vapour hesitates,  
As from the distance, nearer,  
The merry chime of silver skates  
Rings clear and ever clearer,  
And round the bend in starry light  
Child Spangle-Frost skims into sight.

A slender maid, whose laughing eye,  
Afire with dance and darkle,  
Makes marsh and meadow, far and nigh,  
Reflect its glance and sparkle;  
Whose skates embroider as they skim  
A filigree from brim to brim.

A moonbeam tangled in her hair  
Gleams in its dusky tether;  
She laughs—and branches everywhere  
Assume their bridal feather,  
And show their jewels to the moon  
In new and glittering festoon.

She throws her kisses all about  
In half-a-million spangles,  
She fringes every drain and spout  
With daintiest of dangles,  
She decks the lawn in brave array,  
And never waits for praise or pay.

Fly faster, little Spangle-Frost—  
A rival lurks behind you;  
Delay or linger at your cost,  
You must not let him find you.  
For, skulking in the rear, I saw  
That ill-conditioned spoil-sport, Thaw!—JESSIE POPE.



THE HON. H. LEGGE (SON OF THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH) WITH TOBOGGAN.

Taken by Lord Dartmouth, a very proficient photographer, who has carried his camera nearly all over the world.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on January 14*

## THE BRIGHTER NEW YEAR.

VERILY the Stock Exchange is having an early taste of that Brighter New Year we ventured to foreshadow in our last issue. Business all round the House is recovering the elasticity which some thought had gone before, never to return. Even in the Industrial Market a change is coming over the former inanimate scene. Africans and Americans are the two main centres of strength, and the business in Kaffir shares can truly be described as enormous. So tightly is the Kaffir Market packed each day that members will do anything rather than go through the middle of it; to elbow a way from one part to another is a matter requiring time, temper, and discretion. The Street these nights is worthy a visit by a country cousin. Weather makes no difference to the eager crowd of brokers and jobbers, and our artist has evolved a scheme whereby the lusty member can do his business in a costume suited to all winter conditions. In Shorter's Court the market is thinning rapidly in consequence of the South African fever, but still Yankees hold their prices with remarkable pertinacity. Our British Railway stocks are marking time in anticipation of the dividends so soon to be declared. Renewed vitality has come over the Jungle, in sympathy with the Circus, and Westralians are also receiving some fair meed of attention. The only handwriting likely to appear upon the wall, so far as we can discern the signs of the times, will have reference to the monetary position of the Mining, and particularly the Kaffir, Markets. It would indeed be a pity if the fair promise of improving trade in this New Year were to be marred by a tightening of cash accommodation produced by over-speculation.

## MEXICAN RAILS.

A succession of good traffics and an immense amount of lusty shouting by a well-known jobber (whose tastes range from Consols to Kaffirs) have succeeded in putting a much better complexion on Mexican Railway stocks. There is a strong tip abroad which gives the circumstantial price of par as the goal likely to be reached by the First Preference within the next three months. We have very little sympathy indeed for these "general" tips, which are perfectly easy to get circularised, and, we must admit, decidedly attractive to many speculators who do not care an atom for the merits of a thing so long as they are assured that such thing will have a sharp rise. For ourselves, we fail to see where any pronounced activity is coming from to stir up the dying embers of the Mexican Railway Market flames. To move the stock five or six points at a time is a simple matter, but, let it be remembered, it is just as easy to put the stock down as it is to raise the price, and, from what we can see of the market, the recent flicker is not likely to take the quotation higher than it now stands. Those who do not mind blind pools and running ten-to-one chances of losing their money might join the giddy few in Mexican Rails, but the prudent operator will look elsewhere for his sport.

## KAFFIRS: SPECULATION AND THE DEEP LEVELS.

The violent speculation now in force amongst Deep Level shares has introduced that undesirable element, the "ragged account." Thousands upon thousands of shares have been and are being bought which the purchasers could no more pay for than they could marconi across the Atlantic by electric current, and the smaller speculators, encouraged by their success, are wading well out of their depths. Herein lies the weakness of the market: this is the spot where the force of the tide will be most felt when the swell of Contango-day is upon us and the full flood of dear money sweeps over the price-lists. Over-speculation it was which scotched the last "boom" even more than did the Jameson Raid, and the financial critic, however ardently he believe in the Kaffir Circus as the great money-making centre, must do what little he can to put his readers on their guard concerning what they may expect when the day of settlement comes. And here we may utter one word of advice as to taking profits on Kaffirs this Account. Do not wait until Saturday or Monday before sending orders to your brokers to close. See to it that those orders go off on Thursday night or by wire on Friday morning, for that there will be a huge rush to sell at the latest moment of the Account there can be little doubt. Those who can pay for the shares they have purchased are on velvet, and, while we should not discourage that useful practice of

taking profits on half one's holding, the market at the time of writing looks quite good enough to run for several weeks longer, at the least. If it does last, there should, in the general market, be further advances to accrue in Barnato Consolidated, Wit Deep, Glencairn, Bechuanaland Exploration, and Modderfontein Extensions, to mention a few of the cheaper shares. But, of course, such increments depend entirely upon the fickle appetite of the speculating public, which, for the moment, appears almost insatiable.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

It was the first time The Carriage had met in the New Year, and greetings were the order of the morning. These over, there was not much time lost in settling down to the all-absorbing topic of the hour.

"Most remarkable market!" ejaculated The Merchant.

"Strength simply wonderful!" exclaimed The Engineer.

"Such exuberant vitality!" added The Banker.

"Can't last!" put in The City Editor, asking immediately afterwards, "Can it?"

The two members of the Stock Exchange seemed to thoroughly enjoy the position.

"What did I tell you?" The Broker demanded, while The Jobber went on—

"We have been trying to din into everybody's head for the past six months that, although Kaffirs seemed high, they were *the* things to buy."

"So we have; so we have," nodded The Broker, in unusual agreement with his fellow Houseman.

"And he who bought when everything was flat has now his reward," continued The Jobber grandiloquently.

"Cutting the cackle," remarked The Engineer, "may I repeat my friend the City Editor's question as to whether the strength is likely to last?"

"He said it wouldn't," returned The Broker.

"I withdraw that," The City Editor put in, "and leave my query standing."

The Broker and The Jobber, seeing themselves appealed to all round, stared at each other.

"Well, Brokie?" interrogated The Dealer.

"What do you think about it?" was the only answer.

Then they both started at the same time, explaining very rapidly that they thought the Kaffir Market was much too good for any fall to take place now.

"—unless it be the usual reaction," concluded The Jobber.

"Healthy reaction," echoed The Broker.

The Merchant turned to The Banker with a smile. "Do you remember the last time we all met like this?" he asked. "You were telling us then that you had advices from the Cape—"

"—which led me to strongly dissuade anyone from selling Kaffirs at the time," went on the old gentleman. "Yes, I well recollect the occasion. I said my correspondents spoke quite hopefully of the end of the War being in sight."

"Hope you bought yourself some Wolhuters," laughed The Jobber.

The Banker blushed. "Wolhuters," he said modestly, "were the actual shares which I purchased at that time."

The Carriage looked at him with increased respect.

"Can you give us another tip, sir?" inquired The Jobber, quite reverently.

"Not as good as Wolhuter, I fear," answered The Banker, whose eyes gleamed with pleasure at seeing himself the sole object of everyone's attention; "but I do not mind saying that a great friend of mine suggested I should buy Princess shares if I wanted a rash speculation."

"What about East Rand?"

"Ah, that was another thing! I was told the shares would go to 10, although there is but little solid basis for that value. Remember, gentlemen, that I am only serving up a repetition of the counsel offered me by a worthy friend."

"And, therefore, not so good as the advice suggested by your own experience," flattered The Broker.

"That is another point of view altogether. Were I to draw upon my own stores of experience, I should strongly advise—"

The Carriage, slightly bent forward, listened earnestly.

"—everybody to keep out of it."

The Carriage fell back with something that sounded like a disgusted groan.



Our Stock Exchange artist sends us a sketch of a jobber going into action in what he terms the "Winter Street Service Kit." Why will Stock Exchange men get awful colds and shout themselves hoarse when all they have to do is to don the fur boots, &c., to avoid the former, and when bidding for shares to use the megaphone? An emergency ration is provided.



"A man must speculate," growled The Jobber. "If he mustn't, where should I be, for instance?"

"In your proper place," retorted The Broker, dodging the just-extinguished match launched at his top-hat.

"Oh, well! I've nailed my colours to Comets, Jubilee, and Langlaagte Estate," pursued The Merchant.

"What do you know about the concerns?"

"Langlaagte shares have been greatly overlooked in the present boom," was The Merchant's defence. "The Company's capital is rather under half-a-million sterling; it has nearly 150 claims; it paid good dividends even under the Boer Government, and the shares went over 7 in the '95 boom."

"The last is nothing to go by," contended The Engineer. "But why Jubilees and Comets?"

"The Jubilee was always a favourite of mine because of its little fifty-thousand-pounds capital. It hasn't much of a life—seven or eight years, I think it is estimated at—but at the present price you can reckon roughly that you will get about 10 per cent. on your money. And, besides its own property, the Jubilee owns a few Village Main Reef and a heap of South City shares."

"Heriots are better than Jubilees," The Engineer considered. "Fourteen years' life of the mine: pay you something like 12 to 14 per cent., and the price only 7 or 7½ now, whereas—"

"And Comets are a gamble," calmly concluded The Merchant.

"So is life," philosophised The Jobber; "and so are all Kaffirs, outcrop or Deep."

"We haven't discussed the Deeps," The Broker said, in a surprised tone.

"Better leave them for another morning. I say, old man, why is every broker like the Bonanza?"

"Give it up," returned all the others in chorus.

"Because he is a Deep one by reputation only."

#### "UNQUOTED SECURITIES."

The Investor in the Street loves above most things to have his money in securities—a quotation for which he can find in his morning or evening newspaper. The Exchange Telegraph Company has immensely popularised a whole host of securities by quoting them daily on the "Tape." But there are limits even to the Tape's omnivorence, and hundreds of shares do not appear in the price-lists of the newspapers, although their proprietors are just as anxious to see them quoted as British South African shareholders are to know the latest for Chartered.

In the first place, it is not so well known as it might be that the Daily Official List of the Stock Exchange, published under the auspices of the Committee, contains the prices of a very large number of stocks and shares which are never mentioned anywhere else, except by one or two papers which reproduce the Official List by day or week. The price of this List is sixpence a copy, but stockbrokers can get extra copies for a penny each, and they are generally quite willing to send the List upon application from a client. Or, if it be desired to save the broker this trouble, the shareholder in some out-of-the-way Company will most likely find his security quoted in a trade journal—electrical investments in the *Electrical Review*, for instance, or drapery descriptions in the *Drapers' Record*. Shareholders in concerns situated in the country, if unable to get a price in London, can often find out what they want by applying for a copy of the Official List of the provincial Stock Exchange which is near their Company's scene of operations.

With regard to negotiating business in securities difficult to deal with, a method frequently successful in its issue is to address the Secretary of the Company, asking whether he has any buyers or sellers. There are some Secretaries who make a pleasant little addition to their official remuneration by linking buyers and sellers; but the system has obvious disadvantages, the technical part of the transferring of shares being a difficulty to many people. Recourse should never be had to an outside broker who advertises dealing in unquoted shares as a speciality; if a member of any of the Stock Exchanges or a Company's Secretary can afford no assistance, the inquirer may take it for granted that he need make no more efforts to deal.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1902.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

NAGE.—See our Note on Kaffirs and the "Finance in a First-Class Carriage." Johannesburg Goldfields shares might be added. You should divide the money between three or four things.

E. F.—Your letter has been answered by post.

J. R. A.—The market price is  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$ . If you can buy them at 12s. 6d., you might have the shares. The price is quoted daily in the Stock Exchange Official List. Our note on "Unquoted Securities" may help you.

SKETCHITE.—Nominally the shares are  $\frac{1}{10}$  to  $\frac{3}{10}$ . In view of the South African revival, we should certainly keep the shares, although the methods of the financial group fathering the Company are anything but nice.

The *Entr'acte Annual*, in high favour with those who support the Variety theatres, is as sparkling as ever. Mr. William H. Combes seasonably reproduces some of the late Alfred Bryan's inimitable cartoons and vivid sketches by Mr. Horace Morehen and Mr. Thomas Downey, intermingled with entertaining letterpress from his own pen, and from Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Henry Chance Newton.

#### ICE CARNIVAL AT "NIAGARA."

THOSE who enjoy a pretty spectacle can always be sure of seeing one at the fancy-dress festivals at Niagara, and the Cotton Carnival held by the Amateur Skating Club last Thursday night was no exception. The Hall looked more than usually attractive, with its gay festoons and many-coloured lights; there was some admirable figure-skating, also waltzing, while a good deal of ingenuity and much originality were displayed in the costumes. Readers of the *Morning Post* were, perhaps, unaware of the picturesque possibilities of their favourite journal until they saw it converted into a tasteful though simple garment, whose wearer was rewarded with the first lady's prize. "Autumn Leaves," a quiet costume of brown and green, came second; and "Lettuce," a remarkably successful design, was third. Among the gentlemen, the "Knight of the Bath," who took first honours, was arrayed in towels, decorated with soap, brushes, sponges, and suchlike paraphernalia; a "Policeman" was second, though there is not much scope for fancy in the uniform of the Force; and "Napoleon," who was third, was "made up" to resemble his original very closely. Many others helped to add variety and colour to the brilliant gathering.

#### PIGEONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE National Peristeronic Society on Monday and Tuesday held the Annual Pigeon Show at the Crystal Palace. This Society is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of its kind, dating back to 1831, and has numbered amongst its members such well-known men as Darwin, W. B. Tegetmeier, Harrison Weir, F. C. Esquilant, and many other men of repute. Amongst the birds shown were many well-known prize-winners, and they were far in advance of last year's exhibition. The most attractive pen was one of six White Pouter Pigeons, exhibited by Captain St. John Hornby, R.N. Dragons predominated in numbers. Pouters formed a grand collection: Pouter Pigeons and Norwich Croppers figured largely, the President of the Society, Mr. B. O. Dickinson, sending some of his best. Barbs, though small in numbers, excelled in quality, as did Antwerps. Jacobins made a good all-round lot. Modenas and Magpies were much admired for their elegant carriage and plumage; but for the latter, the Oriental Frills, of which there was a grand display, took the palm, the zealous Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. Willing Wingrave, sending two pens of delicately laced birds of the variety. *The Sketch* wishes the Society every success.

#### OUR FINE-ART PLATES



THE STORY OF THE ELOPEMENT.

By John Lomax.

Size, 16 by 10½ inches.

Price 10s. 6d. each.



THE RECONCILIATION.

By John Lomax.

Size, 16 by 10½ inches.

Price 10s. 6d. each.

New Illustrated List Free.

PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, "SKETCH" OFFICE, 198, STRAND, W.C.